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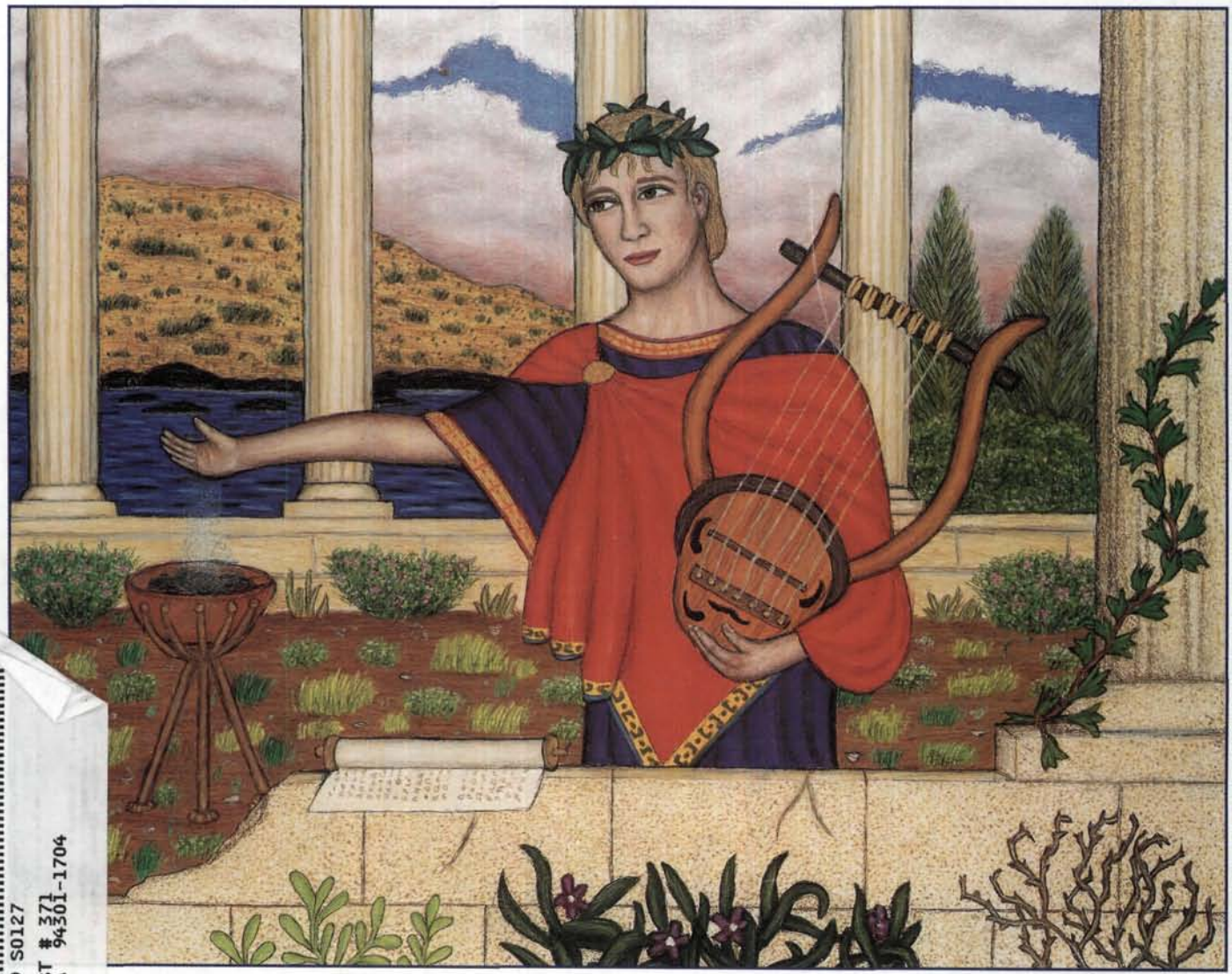

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On *Saving Private Ryan*

Wayne Allensworth, in his poignant and beautifully written review of *Saving Private Ryan* ("The Face of Battle," January), focuses on what is right with the film. However, I find much that is wrong, and, for me, the wrong outweighs the right. Nonetheless, Steven Spielberg makes an important contribution to the making of war movies by realistically portraying the blood, gore, death, and horror that is an inescapable consequence of battle. His depiction of the landing at Omaha Beach ought to remind all Americans that we should not put our boys in harm's way without our national security at stake and without a well-defined mission. We had such in World War II. We have not had such since.

Saving Private Ryan has great cinematography, action direction, and special effects. These are Spielberg's strengths—and he might be the best in the business at them. Yet his weaknesses are many, and they may all be traced back to one: He does not seem to understand men or what it means to be a man. He certainly does not understand the American man of past generations.

Saving Private Ryan opens with an old man—we learn later that he is Pvt. Ryan—not walking but shuffling to the American cemetery at Normandy. He is bent, broken, and pathetic. His wife, children, and grandchildren walk behind him with exaggerated expressions on their faces, at once patronizing, pained, and inane. His face reveals no pride, strength, courage, resoluteness, or gumption; only weakness, fear, and guilt—Spielberg's American man. The movie ends with the old man at the gravesite of Capt. Miller. The group of children and grandchildren stand in the background, still mugging for the camera. The old man asks his wife, "Tell me I've lived a good life. Have I been a good man?" My wife leans toward me and whispers, "Oh, puke."

After loathing Spielberg for his portrayal of the old man, I found myself admiring Spielberg for his depiction of the landing at Omaha. The realism is astounding, although there seems to be a dearth of officers and NCOs issuing orders, organizing troops, and leading men. Spielberg allows his troops to lie on the beach exposed to withering fire and be slaughtered.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ryan looks out the kitchen window of her farmhouse and sees a car with U.S. Army insignia approaching. She walks out the door and then lowers herself onto the porch and half sits and half sprawls—Spielberg's American woman. This is not the pioneer farm woman who helped conquer the frontier. This is not the mother or grandmother of America of the 1940's. Those women were as brave and as strong as the sons they reared, and they would not dare show emotion or weakness in front of strangers. This is not the real life Mrs. Sullivan who lost all five of her sons in the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal. In imitation of John Ford in *The Searchers*, Spielberg shoots the scene from inside the farmhouse, looking through the front doorway. Ford never would have had Dorothy Jordan sprawled on the porch.

Once off the beach, Capt. Miller is chosen to lead the search for Pvt. Ryan. However, the 101st Airborne, Ryan's outfit, landed behind Utah Beach. Why, then, use Capt. Miller, who is a company commander of Army Rangers at Omaha Beach? Moreover, why pull a company commander out of the line to conduct the search? Dramatic license, I suppose, and suspending disbelief is required at some point in most movies, but this movie asks the viewer to suspend disbelief again and again and again.

Capt. Miller is a reluctant warrior who would rather be back home teaching English to his high school class. How and why, then, did he become a captain of the Rangers—the army's elite outfit? The same applies in spades to the men he selects from his company for the mission. They look and act like flotsam recruited from the stockade. Chain of command and discipline are foreign to them. This bunch is going to take on the German army?

Off they go, searching behind enemy lines for Pvt. Ryan. They stroll rather than walk. They are bunched tightly. No one walks point or drag, or on the flanks. They chatter and whine. They debate the merits of the mission—and everything else—with their captain. This isn't war: It's a walk in the park.

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They chew out a member of the squad, Cpl. Upham, for saluting Capt. Miller. The corporal, recruited from headquarters company because of his language skills, has no combat experience and does not understand that saluting an officer in the field is a good way to get that officer killed. Spielberg got that right, but at the same time he has Miller wearing a helmet with bright white captain's bars painted on it!

Our Rangers arrive at a village and make contact with elements of the 101st Airborne. The fat-faced sergeant who greets them looks like a roly-poly 40-year-old who has spent the war as a cook in some rear area, not as a member of Brig. Gen. James "Jumping Jim" Gavin's vaunted paratroopers. One of the Rangers, while disobeying orders, is shot by a German sniper. Capt. Miller sends his own sniper into action, a southern boy named Jackson. The resulting sniper duel was taken from a real event, but the war was Vietnam, not World War II. When Marine sniper Carlos Hathcock, a good ol' boy from Arkansas, saw a flash from the sun's reflection on the lens of a NVA sniper's scope, Hathcock fired at the point of light. The round from his Winchester Model 70 went right through the enemy sniper's scope, into his eye, and out the back of his head. Jackson performs the same trick on his German rival. There is a problem with Spielberg's version, however. The action takes place during a driving rainstorm. The sky is black. There is no sun.

We are soon subjected to the spectacle of the sole Jewish soldier in the movie, Pvt. Mellish, loudly and obnoxiously taunting German prisoners. He screams that he is *Juden*. Just in case this is too subtle for moviegoers, Spielberg has him wave a Star of David at the prisoners. Mellish looks like a cowardly schoolyard loudmouth hurling insults at someone who cannot fight back. Later, when a German soldier slowly sinks a bayonet into Mellish's heart, does anyone watching the film care?

The same lack of feeling extends to most of those in the squad who die. In my circle of friends, there was general disappointment that Pvt. Reiben, an obnoxious loudmouth like Mellish, *did not* get greased. Reiben is regularly insubordinate and, at one point, refuses Capt. Miller's direct order on the battlefield. A ridiculous shouting match follows with Sgt. Horvath. Not only does Spielberg again have a squad of Rangers looking like misfits released from the stockade, but he has put his American man on display. Reiben and Horvath do not fight. They just shout.

The shouting match concerns a German prisoner. Should he be killed on the spot? The German turns craven and spews all sorts of nonsense, including the obligatory "F- - - Hitler," that he thinks will ingratiate himself with the Americans. Like all his fellow Germans in the movie, he also sports a buzz cut, unlike real German soldiers in World War II. (Is this some effort at connecting German soldiers with today's skinheads?) The prisoner is Spielberg's German Everyman. Does Spielberg not understand that reducing the enemy to a cowardly caricature diminishes the American soldier? Apparently, it was not really much of a task to defeat the Krauts, after all.

A movie has to make us identify with, or at least care about, its characters. If not, we remain uninvolved, and there can be no suspense. Aside from Sgt. Horvath and the sniper Jackson (and, for some, Capt. Miller and the medic), is there anyone in the squad whom we really care about?

The squad finally finds Pvt. Ryan (who inexplicably wears PFC stripes). Ryan and a couple of his buddies from the 101st have just helped save the squad by destroying a German armored car. Ryan refuses to leave his outfit, and we begin to root for him. The combined forces prepare to defend a bridgehead in the village against an anticipated tank attack. Although they have only small arms, Capt. Miller says they can use "sticky bombs." None of the Rangers or the paratroopers knows what he's talking about. They must have forgotten, because the use of sticky bombs was part of their basic training and the bomb is described in the *Ranger Handbook of Field Expedient Devices*. But, then, these Rangers are like no others.

Preparing his defense, Capt. Miller puts the sniper Jackson in the belfry of a church. The position is a good observation post, but no self-respecting sniper would put himself in such a vulnerable spot, especially with tanks approaching. Snipers need a position that will both support the mission and allow them an avenue of escape. Jackson becomes one big target. Worse, though, Spielberg does not have Jackson picking off the Germans at 600 yards out. No, Jackson only shoots at them when they arrive in the street directly below him—and he does it looking through a scope. A 40-foot shot at moving targets through a scope! Spielberg has the camera look through the scope and gives us the sniper's view. We see Germans running through the street with the crosshairs following them! Has Spielberg ever looked through a 4x scope at something 40 feet away? How could his vaunted technical advisors have ignored this?

Capt. Miller also establishes some rather deadly fields of fire for his own troops. He and Ryan are positioned directly behind one of their own men and will surely blow off his head when firing commences. At one point during the battle, Reiben sits on Ryan, pinning him to the ground to prevent him from fighting, evidently to protect him. However, this is the same Ryan who has been fighting heroically up to this point. I hope I missed something, because the scene is unfathomable. So, too, is Ryan curled in a ball, rocking back and forth and screaming, as the battle nears its climax.

Meanwhile, Cpl. Upham, the cowardly office pogue, freezes and fails to carry ammunition to his comrades, leaving them to be killed by Germans. However, P51 Mustangs arrive, and the Germans are put to flight or surrender. A half-dozen throw down their guns, raise their arms, and surrender to a lone American, Cpl. Upham. He recognizes one of them as the squad's former prisoner and immediately shoots him to death. Upham then strikes an heroic pose, and the camera focuses on him for several beats. Is this supposed to be the act that has redeemed the coward—the shooting of an unarmed prisoner?

A good test of a movie is whether one would see it again. Unlike *To Hell and Back*, *Twelve O'Clock High*, *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, *Mr. Roberts*, *Patton*, *Retreat Hell*, *The Enemy Below*, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, *Heaven Knows Mr. Allison*, and a few others, *Saving Private Ryan* is a one-timer. In his depiction of the carnage of battle, Spielberg surpasses them all—but there it ends. His men and his Rangers are, for the most part, a sorry excuse for the real thing. A good friend, Army veteran Glenn Miley, whose decorations include the Silver Star and the Purple Heart, summed it up beautifully. After watching the movie he shook his head in disgust and said: "That was Spielberg's army. He's even taken that."

—Roger D. McGrath
Thousand Oaks, CA

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THE IMPEACHMENT proceedings were the subject of an extraordinary suggestion made by Pat Caddell, a former pollster for the Democratic Party, at the "Dark Ages" retreat for members of the "conservative movement" over New Years' weekend. Caddell told the gathering that the problem with the Republican Party was that they couldn't seem to pick the right issues. Republicans were foolishly hammering the President over his sexual escapades instead of lambasting the Clinton administration for the "far more serious offenses of accepting foreign campaign money and transferring sensitive missile technology to China." According to the *New York Times*, Caddell received "a smashing round of self-flagellating applause and . . . a standing ovation."

As one of the 19 invited scholars who journeyed to Washington to tell the House Judiciary Subcommittee what impeachable offenses were, I thought impeaching the President and seeking to remove him from office for perjury in a civil case, perjury before a grand jury, felonious tampering with witnesses, and generally corrosive obstruction of justice made some sense. I wonder if the "Dark Ages" conservatives remember what they are supposed to be conserving. I think the Republican Party, or at least the House members who voted to impeach the President, were doing precisely the right thing. Mr. Caddell thinks like a pollster, and of course the polls tell us that each time the President's wrongdoing is more clearly revealed, he becomes more popular. Simply on the basis of the polls, it would be understandable if the Dark Agers believed that the House Republicans were wasting the nation's time, much less the President's, with the effort to remove him from office. Why, then, the zeal of a Henry Hyde, a Bob Barr, or a Lindsey Graham, or even of me and a very few (probably no more than a couple hundred) academics?

Those who think that the impeachment proceedings against President Clinton may be the last—and perhaps the most important—proceeding in the culture wars which began in the 60's, are, it turns out, exactly right. Those of us who argued for impeachment were trying to preserve what used to be best about America, what we believe Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and perhaps even Jefferson hoped to accomplish with the new federal government. Readers of the *Federalist* and students of the 18th century know that the federal government was designed to counter tendencies toward corruption in state governments, just as the Revolutionary War was fought because of allegations of corruption in Great Britain. In the 1950's, in a simpler America, readers of Superman comics and viewers of the television program shivered when they heard him boast that he fought for "truth, justice, and the American way." Truth, justice, and the American way—or, if you like, virtue, integrity, honesty, and character—are still what motivates those seeking the impeachment and removal of this President.

The American way, beginning in the 17th century and continuing down to our own time, was synonymous with truth and justice itself. We were supposed to be an exceptional country, a "City on a Hill," a beacon to the nations, to show that a people could be self-governed on the basis of biblical principles in general and the Ten Commandments in particular. Not bearing false witness was an important commandment, and, when all the partisan chaff is blown away, that and the impartial administration of justice are still the issues in the impeachment of President Clinton.

On the other side, of course, are principles of a sort. The defenders of the President have a cynical (one is tempted to say "postmodern") view of the law and of the motives of litigants. They see the Paula Jones proceeding, the accusation of sexual harassment and infliction of emotional distress which began the most visible of the President's troubles, as prompted by the President's enemies—the "hard right" or the "Christian right" or the "right-wing conspiracy"—who never accepted William Jefferson Clinton or his election as legitimate. But the important question for the President's critics is not who sponsored Ms. Jones or her court proceedings, but whether she had a right to seek justice free from perjurious and felonious behavior on the part of the defendant. The President's defenders claim that this case simply involves "lying about sex," and implicitly invoke the principle of privacy and the belief of the 60's generation that whatever one does in the privacy of one's bedroom (or, in this case, the purported non-privacy of the Oval Office) is nobody else's business. Or perhaps they are simply fighting for the adolescent principle that "blow jobs don't count," so that presumably even a Chief Executive who has a constitutional duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed can lie about oral sex in federal court proceedings and grand jury investigations, tamper with witnesses, and otherwise obstruct justice.

So powerful are the claims of privacy and the allure of sexual libertinism that the President's defenders cannot conceive that the motive of his impeachers is anything but unalloyed evil. It is not evil, however, but the timeless attraction of a more pristine morality, a simplistic and even noble aspiration toward equal justice, and a romantic faith (as Paul Carrington, former dean of the Duke Law School, calls it) in the rule of law that is behind the effort to remove President Clinton from George Washington's hallowed position. The conventional wisdom, as this is written, is that the votes are not there to remove this President. Perhaps this will turn out to be true, but if it does, it will mean that at least a third of the United States Senate has forgotten what this country was supposed to be all about.

—*Stephen Presser*

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S impeachment was a foregone conclusion, or so the syndicated columnists and the "political analysts" on the television news shows would have us think. According to them, Republican leaders in the House of Representatives enforced strict party discipline and engaged in arm-twisting to ensure the desired outcome. But was the result predetermined, or are these analysts and columnists guilty of making up their minds before any actual voting took place? After all, each post-vote "analysis" corresponded closely to pre-vote predictions. These so-called analyses were also suspiciously similar to the spin placed on the whole affair by White House spokesmen and by the majority of Democratic politicians.

If one can believe the polls, it also appears that the public agrees with the pun-

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dits every step of the way. Life is simple: Clinton was railroaded on trumped-up charges at the hands of a Republican Party leadership ready for "payback time" for the attempted impeachment of President Nixon.

While party leaders on both sides of the aisle admonished House members to vote their conscience, the public properly doubted the sincerity of this display of political civility and duty to oaths of office. Never mind insignificant items such as the fact that Representative Heather Wilson (R-New Mexico) declared in debate that, far from subjecting her to arm-twisting, no one of *either* party even asked her how she was planning to vote. The entire affair was clearly staged by Republicans, and that was that.

House Judiciary Committee Chairman Henry Hyde declared at the outset that a bipartisan decision was needed for a meaningful outcome. When the votes were in, which party seemed more partisan, and which party's members showed the greater tendency to vote their individual consciences?

Simple arithmetic and common sense are the only tools needed to reveal that the dark forces of evil were not as the experts would have them. There's no need for "scientific sampling:" Fourth grade arithmetic reveals the truth.

What follows are the data on the Democratic and Republican votes cast for each of the four Articles of Impeachment. (The total votes do not add up to 435 because one member was not present, and the vote of the one Independent member is not germane to this analysis.)

On Article One: Republicans, 223 yea (51.5 percent of the total vote), five nay (1.2 percent); Democrats, five yea (1.2 percent), 200 nay (46.2 percent). On Article Two: Republicans, 200 yea (46.2 percent), 28 nay (6.5 percent); Democrats, five yea (1.2 percent), 200 nay (46.2 percent). On Article Three: Republicans, 216 yea (49.9 percent), 12 nay (2.8 percent); Democrats, five yea (1.2 percent), 200 nay (46.2 percent). On Article Four: Republicans, 147 yea (33.9 percent), 81 nay (18.7 percent); Democrats, one yea (.2 percent), 204 nay (47.1 percent). The total vote on the four articles breaks down as follows: Republicans, 786 yea (45.4 percent), 126 nay (7.3 percent); Democrats, 16 yea (.9 percent), 804 nay (46.4 percent).

These figures provide a whole lot of grist for the grinding on either side of the debate. For example, Democrats can point to the fact that, had the four articles been considered as a single item, there would have been no impeachment. But it only takes a single article to impeach, and the President was impeached on two of the four.

However, the figures certainly do *not* show that the Republicans voted as automatons. Their yea votes ranged from 147 to 223, a difference of 76, while the Democrats' nay votes ranged from 200 to 204, a difference of four. The Republican nay votes ranged from 5 to 81, but the Democratic yeas ranged only from one to five. In other words, the Democrats voted as a solid bloc, which should prove very embarrassing to those who claim that the Republican leadership held its members to some oath of obedience. These simple numbers are there for everyone to see, even political analysts and syndicated columnists. But those who do not wish to see will, of course, not bother to look. Who would want to be confused by the facts?

Let's assume, for a moment, that the pundits are right, and the Republican leadership did attempt to enforce strict party discipline in the impeachment proceedings. How successful were they? Of the 228 Republican congressmen, 223 (or 97.8 percent) voted for Article One; 200 (87.7 percent) voted for Article Two; 216 (94.7 percent) voted for Article Three; and 147 (64.5 percent) voted for Article Four. Overall, 786 Republican votes, or 86.2 percent, were cast for the four articles. But what about the Democrats, who presumably were free to vote their consciences? Of the 205 Democratic congressmen, 200 (or 97.6 percent) voted against Article One; 200 (97.6 percent) voted against Article Two; 200 (97.6 percent) voted against Article Three; and 204 (99.5 percent) voted against Article Four. Overall, 804 Democratic votes, or 98 percent, were cast against the four articles.

Under the pundits' presumption that the Republican leadership wanted its members to vote for impeachment, it would seem that the members followed the party line an average of only 86.2 percent of the time, while the Democrats averaged an astounding 98 percent obedience. Or is it just that the Democrats' consciences are really that constant?

The next time you hear that the Republicans voted as their party leaders dictated and did not vote their consciences, remember that Republican votes defeated Articles Two and Four, and that Article Three passed only with help from the Democrats. So much for the political wisdom of the "talking heads."

—*Robert J. Wisner*

THE IMPEACHMENT of William Jefferson Clinton poses a serious threat to the prosperity of our economy, the stability of our government, and the peace of the entire world. That, more or less, is the line being taken by the Democratic leadership. Whatever Messrs. Gephardt, Daschle, and Moynihan may think privately of the President's fitness to retain his office, they are resolved, in public at least, to treat the prospect of his removal as a constitutional crisis.

To salve their conscience and preserve even a particle of dignity, some Democratic senators have made a show of condemning Mr. Clinton's disgusting behavior. There are even suckers out here in Middle America who took Senator Lieberman seriously as the liberal conscience of his party. Eventually, however, Lieberman and company resort to the same clichés as their less dignified colleagues: Adultery, sexual harassment, kinky sex, lying, perjury, obstruction of justice ("and them," as Saphire used to tell the Kingfish, "is your good points"), and whatever else he might have done in his entirely despicable career do not constitute grounds for expulsion from office.

It is in vain that the House Republicans point out that any other federal official or military officer would have been given the boot a long time ago. After all, it is the office of the presidency that is at stake and not just the future of one career politician. Most of these statements can be discounted on the usual "consider the source" basis. Dick Gephart has taken both sides of virtually every major issue that has come up before Congress, from abortion to taxes, and when the House Democrats gave him a standing ovation, it was as if they were all saying "One of us, one of us." At least they're not hypocrites: Modern liberals exult in their shame.

Senator Moynihan is a different story. He is often pig-headed in a bad cause, but he is also a bleeding-heart liberal who has over the years cauterized some of the wounds, a two-fisted debater with an enormous capacity for argument and an Irishman's thirst for truth. There is at

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least a drop of truth in his glass when he warns against the terrible consequences of removing any sitting president from office. The President of the United States has become a kind of symbol: He is the commander in chief, leader of the free world, an expert—like Stalin—on any subject his aides choose to prep him on, and before too long we can expect President Al Gore to be promoting Lysenkoism, Global Warmingism, and homeopathic medicine with NSF grants and professorships at government-controlled universities like Harvard. Senator Moynihan's message is clear: The President is above the law.

What did Senator Moynihan think, I wonder, when his old boss Richard Nixon was hounded out of office for conniving at the kind of dirty tricks that both parties play on each other? We know what many people thought at that time, which is that the President of the United States should display a loftier character than the average citizen. But that was 25 years ago, and more than a generation has passed. We are not the people we were.

In 1972, when Richard Nixon was reelected, World War II veterans were still running the country, and people of my and Clinton's generation were still dodging the draft. In the intervening quarter of a century, we have learned to depend less upon ourselves and more upon the government. Most of us have spent a large part of our lives in front of the television. We know little history and that little consists of regime-serving myths that would embarrass a Stalinist. We read less—and what we read is written on a level for TV-watchers. We are so thoroughly indoctrinated that we do not even realize that much of what we call news is vulgar propaganda.

As our lives become drabber and less substantial, we become obsessed with celebrities—body-sculpted starlets, basketball players, and jet-setting politicos. *People* magazine is our Bible and Larry King is the greatest prophet. Every day, American life becomes less and less like something the authors of the *Federalist* would have understood and more and more like scenes from Petronius's *Satyricon*, where sex substitutes for love, profits for productivity.

Petronius lived in the time of the Emperor Nero, when the Romans no longer voted for their consuls but were content to worship whatever buffoon had been selected to be the god-man who ruled the world's only remaining superpower. Even after his disgusted associates finally succeeded in murdering their emperor, Nero remained popular with the masses, and pretender after pretender was greeted by adoring crowds. Nero had been popular in his lifetime. His sexual escapades and the murder of his friends counted for nothing, and the Roman senate, which had long since given up its pretense to independence, treated him as a god.

In a republic, a man of Nero's character would not rise to the position of mayor, much less that of chief magistrate, and in a republic, Bill Clinton would have become a personal injury lawyer or an Elvis-impersonator. In anointing Clinton with the holy oil of their votes, the American people were saying they did not care what kind of man became President, so long as he promised them jobs and benefits, and in refusing to remove him from office, the Senate of the United States is living up to the standard set by their Roman predecessors.

—*Thomas Fleming*

"EIGHT IS ENOUGH" was a popular television show, but can eight be too many when they come at one time, as they did recently to a Nigerian couple in Texas?

Professional pro-lifers have praised the courage of mothers who, faced with real threats to their health or the health of their unborn children, have rebuffed the modern medicine men offering "selective reduction." Nevertheless, the recent and unprecedented run of multiple births may be less an occasion for pro-life euphoria than an opportunity for Christians to reflect on what they mean when they say that they respect life. Christians should have found the circus surrounding the birth of the McCaughey septuplets a little unsettling when Mr. McCaughey declared that there would be no more McCaugheys since he had had himself sterilized. (Of course, even before Mr. McCaughey's announcement, it would have been reasonable to question the judgment, if not the motives, of a couple who already had a child, yet still sought aggressive fertility therapy.)

Respect for life means more than believing that abortion and infanticide are murder. A complete respect for life requires a reverence for the creative forces that cooperate to bring children into the world: the will of God and the conjugal love of a man and his wife that unites the couple and (at least potentially) gives rise to new life.

Artificial contraception separates these two natural qualities of the reproductive act, but so do the multitude of fertilization techniques that have become popular since Louise Brown was born two decades ago. But the tie between technological methods of preventing and creating life is not only theological. The evidence is anecdotal, but only because no one has been brave enough to document scientifically the connection between widespread, long-term use of hormonal contraceptives and the growing demand for fertility therapies. Margaret Sanger herself knew what no pusher of the Pill today will admit: Planned Parenthood once advised young women to establish their fertility *before* practicing contraception.

Since Pope Pius XII, the Catholic Church has argued that modern reproductive procedures are moral only if they "assist but not replace" the marital act. Many procedures fall short: When conception takes place outside the womb or sperm is collected through masturbation, "the technical means is . . . a substitute for the conjugal act" (*Donum Vitae*).

Other procedures may fall safely within the realm of "assistance," but they are not without moral difficulties of their own. Drugs that cause a woman to release as many as seven or eight eggs at a time can lead to an occasion of sin if the mother's faith is not as strong as that of Bobbie McCaughey or Nkem Chukwu. Killing a few for the sake of the rest makes all too much sense to the modern mind.

Yet even mothers who know that they should not kill their children nor attempt to thwart the will of the Creator by replacing the womb with a petri dish must resolve certain ethical questions before risking the multiple births that commonly result from the use of fertility drugs. A couple must evaluate with caution any therapy known to create circumstances that are unsafe or excessively burdensome. "Just War" theory requires, among other things, that the desired outcome of the war must be equal to the inevitable loss of life and destruction of property. Similarly, children are not a *right* that married couples can pursue at all costs. They are a *gift*—"the most gratuitous gift of marriage" (*Donum Vitae*)—and they, and the mysterious ways

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in which they are brought into the world, must be revered accordingly. God's creation of an immortal soul is profaned when child-bearing becomes a laboratory experiment, a media event, or an entry in the Guinness Book.

—*Christopher Check*

THE CULTURE WAR rages on at Barnard College, where two sharp-eyed harpies, Sandra Chefitz and Shannon T. Herbert, have humbled the last vestiges of traditionalism within its ivy-covered halls. Upon discovering that a Barnard brochure boasted that graduates of women's colleges were more likely to marry and bear children than were alumni of coed institutions, Chefitz and Herbert emitted outraged shrieks that could be heard well beyond the confines of that countercultural coven.

Ten or even five years ago, their brief would have been taken up by feminists eager to discourage and discredit the institution of marriage. Today, as the *New York Times* breezily informs us, "in addition to those who saw the brochure as stereotypical, some students saw the statement as a sign that the college did not value lesbians as much as other students." "It was," whined Chefitz, "a slap in the face." These two daughters of Sappho went into action, demanding and getting a meeting with the dean of admissions, and circulating a petition protesting Barnard's blatant "homophobia." The administration reacted predictably: The pamphlet, sent to parents of prospective students, was hastily withdrawn.

"Marriage in our culture is seen as the pinnacle," complained Miss Herbert, president of Lesbians and Bisexuals in Action at Barnard. As if to underscore not only the perversity but the humorlessness of her stance, this militant Sapphist went on to lament the fact that "there is a stigma attached to women's colleges, a stereotype that they produce unshaven, unmanageable, unruly women, or women who become lesbians."

The photo accompanying the story reveals that the first adjective surely does not describe Miss Herbert, whose carefully-plucked eyebrows and elaborate makeup imply expertise in the art of depilation. However, her swarthy fellow amazon, Miss Chefitz, with her "butch" Bobby Darin haircut and dark androgyny, has the hint of a mustache shading her upper lip. Both smile disdainfully at the camera, lips frozen in the shape of a victorious smirk.

What lies behind that smirk ought to disabuse conservatives of the notion that there can be anything like peaceful coexistence in the culture wars. Gay activists continually deride the concept of a "gay agenda," insisting that they merely want equality before the law and protection from marauding thugs. But there is indeed a gay agenda, and it has nothing to do with "tolerance" or a more libertarian "live and let live" approach to public policy. Quite the contrary. By calling for "hate crimes" legislation that would prosecute a person's thoughts, and presumably his public utterances, and not just crimes of violence against gays, gay activists are leading the most recent and dangerous assault on the First Amendment. When Christian groups took out a series of newspaper advertisements exhorting gays to change their sexual choices, the gay lobby held a press conference in Washington, D.C., to accuse them of inciting violence against gays, pointing to the death of Matthew Shepard in Colorado. From the nation's capital to the ivied halls of Barnard, the gay inquisitors would outlaw "hate speech" and expunge all favorable references to the traditional family from the public record. The Barnard incident reveals that it is one or the other: Gay "equality" means the elimination of the traditional family as the cultural locus of our institutions, both public and private.

The *Times* reports that what the amazonians and their sympathizers found particularly galling was that the offending sentence extolling graduates of women's colleges for their marriageability and fecundity was in a section of the pamphlet called "Alumnae Achievement." Indeed, it was put on par with the fact that "women's college alumnae account for 30 percent of the highest ranking women in corporations." Raising a family an "achievement?" Not in the new hate-free world of "tolerance" and "diversity."

—*Justin Raimondo*

OBITER DICTA: *Chronicles* is sad to report the departure of our long-time art director and illustrator, **Anna Mycek-Wodecki**. The unique look and appearance of *Chronicles* were, in large measure, shaped by Anna in her 12 years with the magazine. As she pursues a more exclusively artistic career, she goes with our warmest good wishes.

Our new art director is no stranger to these pages. **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois, has often provided artwork for *Chronicles*, most recently in April 1998. Mr. Sterett received his B.F.A. from the University of Colorado and his M.F.A. from Northern Illinois University, and attended the L'Abri Fellowship, where he studied the effect of Christianity on art. He currently works as a sculptor, painter, and printmaker in Roscoe.

Clyde Wilson, a contributing editor to *Chronicles*, is the author of a new book, *The Most Promising Young Man of the South: James Johnston Pettigrew and His Men at Gettysburg*. Released by the McWhiney Foundation Press, the book shows that "Pettigrew and his men personified the undaunting bravery of the Confederate cause." Professor Wilson makes a convincing case that "Pickett's Charge"should really be known as "Pettigrew's Charge."

After a year's absence, the artwork of **Stephen Anderson** returns to our pages this month. Mr. Anderson, a folk artist from Rockford, Illinois, is self-taught. He is affiliated with the Phyllis Kind Gallery in Chicago and New York.

Two poets are featured in this issue. **Harold McCurdy**, a talented satirist, is the author of eight volumes of verse, including his current collection, *Realizing Westward*. Our second poet is **Jared Carter** of Indianapolis. Mr. Carter's first collection of verse, *Work, For the Night is Coming*, won the Walt Whitman Award for 1980; his second, *After the Rain*, won the Poets' Prize for 1995.

In **Massachusetts**, *Chronicles* can be found at The Bookstore, 1485 Memorial Drive, Chicopee; Borders Books & Music, 300 Boylston Street, Chestnut Hill; Borders, 151 Andover Street, Peabody; Borders, 85 Worcester Road, Framingham; Barnes & Noble, 660 Beacon Street, Boston; Hudson News, 11A Mount Auburn, Cambridge; Corner Store, 1752 Massachusetts Avenue, Lexington; Gateway News, 7 Washington Street, Wellesley; A.J. Hastings-Newsdealer, 65 South Pleasant Street, Amherst; Newsbreak Inc., Route 6, Stuart's Plaza, Swansea; B. Dalton Booksellers, South Shore Plaza, Braintree; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 150 Granite Street, Braintree; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 270 Hartford Avenue, Bellingham; and the Harvard Co-op, Harvard University, Cambridge.

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Stephen Anderson

Diary of a Peripheral Male

by Thomas Fleming

Midatlantic

It has been a long day for this straight European male. O'Hare Airport is a decompression chamber between Middle America and the rest of the world: rude United clerks who act as if they own the airline; the gauntlet of guards at the X-ray machines, none of whom is able to speak English; and everywhere the stench of the Disney world cuisine—pizza, hot dogs, and every few feet a McDonald's, whose blend of grease, sugar, and MSG is the olfactory signature tune of the New World Order.

If they still make movies for my particular minority, they are never shown on transatlantic flights. In the past few years, I have been subjected to Whoopie Goldberg as a make-believe male WASP on Wall Street, Robin Williams as the fag who puts the straight Gene Hackman in his place, and countless other propaganda exercises designed to give European and American Christians an inferiority complex.

The minority pecking order is clearest in commercials, from who gives advice to whom, who are the wise and who are the schnooks: Kids, for example, are always smarter than grown-ups, women smarter than men, blacks smarter than whites. It is a caste system that mocks Christianity, demonizes the European, and lets us know that people like me are in the untouchable class. Frankly, I prefer it this way: I do not wish to be touched by the people who make and watch commercials.

The dumb/evil white man stereotype is everywhere, not just in ads for laundry powders that make things whiter than white. Today's "in-flight feature" stars Antonio Banderas as the new Zorro, who avenges the death of his brother by killing the American blond devil. After two drinks and as much wine as the battle-hardened stewardesses are willing to bring me, I enjoy *The Mask of Zorro*, which for all of its anti-Spanish/anti-European message still celebrates the manly virtues of courage and honor and loyalty—even if the heroine handles a sword about as well as the hero.

Anthony Hopkins, as the old Zorro, is wonderfully miscast. Have they forgotten, in Hollywood, that the whole point of putting Hopkins in movies is to portray the Englishman as an ugly, sagging, incompetent? In between sword fights, I leaf through an Italian newspaper, *La Repubblica*. The front page includes an essay on politics by Salman Rushdie, who denounces Aristotle—"the Macedonian philosopher"—for his views on women, slavery, and "barbarians." Why does he take Aristotle's position on barbarians personally? My ancestors were probably just as barbaric as Mr. Rushdie's, but I (like all civilized men) identify with the Greeks against the Persians.

Rushdie's musings inspire a number of questions that keep me from sleeping. By what curious process did this renegade Muslim, who hates his own tradition as much as he despises ours, become the spokesman for the West? What kind of a newspaper would let Rushdie get away with describing the entirely Greek Aristotle as a "Macedonian"? If making money out of foreigners makes you one of them, then Mr. Rushdie would be an Englishman. I think of Joyce Cary's Mr. Johnson, sipping tea and talking about the queen. What are copy editors for, if not to correct the ignorance and effrontery of literary *poseurs*? Would looking up Aristotle in the Oxford Classical Dictionary constitute a sort of thought-crime against the Third World's contempt for fact and logic? All that talk of non-contradiction, it's so left-brain.

I used to be haunted by the usual Cold War nightmares of a Soviet conquest of my beloved country. What would it be like to be ruled by aliens who imposed thought control on your children, teaching them to despise their parents, hate their ancestors, and spurn their cultural birthright? In the Union of Soviet Socialist Americas (which would include Canada and Mexico), George Washington would be alternately worshipped as a predecessor of Lenin and denigrated as a slaveholder. What fools

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we were to worry about the Russians, when all the time we were building "communism in one nation" here in America. NAFTA stripped away even the fiction of a sovereign United States, and now that Mexican-Americans enjoy dual citizenship, we may as well have a dual (or triple) government. Perhaps we should brush up our French and move to Quebec, where half the people still want to have a nation of their own. Better to be an alien abroad than an alien at home.

The great mistake made by conservatives was to equate Marxism with a false economic theory. Marxism is only incidentally anti-capitalist. Fundamentally, it is a particularly virulent strain of leftism whose one and only object is the destruction of the Christian religion and the civilization it created. If international corporations can do the job (as they are doing), then it is only natural for communists like Mikhail Gorbachev to embrace the "free market." As one of my Italian friends observed, all Western governments are fundamentally Marxist now, especially the American government, which devotes a large part of its resources to bulldozing the last remnants of civilization, not only in North America but all over the world.

There is no point in whining about the situation, though: We willingly inflicted this cultural alienation on ourselves and our children. The same people who want us to kill our babies to solve the population crisis are also responsible for the flood of Third World immigrants into the United States. It is immoral either to have children or to seal the border. We let our enemies get away with this bad faith and bad logic (more left-brain stuff) because we have been taught to hate ourselves and will not be content until the last straight European male has been made a sex slave in the sultan's harem.

Milan

It is small wonder if European conservatives hate the United States. My room at the Hotel Granduca di York is cramped, too small to fit in a practical writing desk but big enough to hold an American window on the world—a TV set. Next door is the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, which holds a priceless collection of manuscripts, rare books, and paintings, but here in my room I have everything an American could need: CNN, 24 hours a day, as well as a variety of channels—Italian, French, German—all replaying episodes of *Hunter*, *Friends*, or *Mad About You* (that's *Dingue de Toi* in Paris, if you are interested). For a more local flavor, I turn on one of Italian TV's endless number of variety shows. This one featured a Dennis Franz look-alike dressed in a three-piece suit without a necktie, a typical look: Every Italian TV show features fat ugly men surrounded by half-dressed beautiful girls. Is there a message here?

The co-host is popular actor Gigi Proietti. As the two hosts look on, a group of genetically disadvantaged and aesthetically challenged punks take the stage and, while performing their rendition of Italo-rap art, proceed to strip to their bikini shorts, bumping and grinding with grim determination. The little girls in the audience emit the obligatory squeals of delight. Later in the show, a group of American mulatto girls—better looking and in much better shape than the flabby white punks—come out in their underwear (some of it see-through) and perform a far more convincing bump-and-grind. Enough is enough, and I switch to CNN's coverage of the presidential bump-and-grind, which is even more disgusting. I flip back to catch the end of the variety show: A dopey-looking farmer with his cow is on the stage, and he is gradually surrounded by the punks in briefs and the girls in their underwear, as cast-members, guests, and audience members come on stage to join the performers in their mock-erotic monkeyshines. Only the cow preserves her dignity.

It is not that the show lacks professional entertainment. Gigi Proietti did an absolutely amazing impersonation of Dean Martin singing, "When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, / that's *amore*," down to the last detail of Dino's Sicilo-American pronunciation of "pasta fazul." Proietti has come on the show to plug the new made-for-television film he directed. Gigi stars as an architect, a sort of liberal democrat who (as the *Corriere della sera* summarized the plot) "plans to open up a non-discriminatory welcome center, 'multi-ethnic' as he declares, but gets upset when his daughter introduces her fiancé Mony, a young man of color. The point of the film is understanding (*la comprensione*)." It is the sort of comprehension we are all scheduled to attain, once we have watched enough television, taken the right courses, and read the right newspapers. Some years ago, "Rockford's own" Aidan Quinn starred in a film version of Robinson Crusoe, in which the natives re-educate Crusoe into the realization that European man is a scourge upon the planet. The actor did not need the program, obviously, since he had attended public schools.

There is more to Milan than the TV in my hotel. Lionel Richie (a name I had not heard in some time) is coming to enrich the city where Leonardo and Verdi worked. Mr. Richie's musical genius has not quite caused La Scala to close its doors, but the season's blockbuster is not an opera by Bellini or Donizetti. This week, the news is all of the production of Wagner's *Gotterdämmerung*. I look in vain for some evidence that the land that invented opera has disdain for the pretensions of Gothic composers, but no, the only controversy is over Wagner's antisemitism, the problem of performing Wagner in Israel, etc., etc. But Wagner has to be forgiven his little vice: After all, he hated Judaism because it was a source of Christianity. Emanuele Severino, a culture journalist, chortles that Wagner had foreseen the twilight of all gods—get it?—"*non solo quelli dell'antica mitologia germanica*."

So Wagner takes La Scala by storm. Elsewhere in Italy, it is not the Goths but Turks, Kurds, Albanians, and Tunisians who are invading. The television news shows are filled with stories of a pipeline from Bari to Como, bringing teenage Albanian prostitutes who ply their trade along the roadway, and of a murder case involving two gypsy brothers who are accused of killing an 11-year-old boy. The Romany community closes ranks and denounces the government and the press for their racism.

The morning papers all display pictures of a shipwrecked freighter filled with Kurds: "*Drammi dell'immigrazione*." Italy's Kurdish problem became a Turkish problem when the government of Turkey tried to extradite Occalan, the Marxist guerrilla leader, as a Kurd terrorist. Occalan is, of course, a terrorist, but the count of his victims falls far short of one percent of the victims of Turkey's genocidal war upon the Kurds. This is mere logic-chopping to the Turks, who defend to the death (yours, that is) their right to massacre anyone they damn well like.

As more and more Italians react with panic to the immigration crisis, the "ex"-communist prime minister, Massimo D'Alema, calls for calm. Attending a meeting in Lecce, D'Alema listens to Kurdish immigrants as they sing hymns to nationalist leaders who have been denounced as terrorists by the Italian government. Prime Minister D'Alema smiles and applauds, later commenting that "Racism is horrible wherever

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it appears, but with us it becomes ridiculous, because we are a meeting-place of peoples—Greeks, Normans, Arabs." D'Alema forgets to mention that Greeks, Normans, and Arabs (as well as Carthaginians, Goths, Lombards, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Austrians) came as conquerors. He also overlooks the obvious fact that most of Italy's conquerors were ethnic cousins, and that most invaders shared a common religion and a common culture that are entirely foreign to the Kurds, Albanians, and Somalis who are currently taking up residence as clients of the Italian welfare state.

As if to prove that the right can be as destructive as the left, Italy's tycoon "conservative," Sylvio Berlusconi, has now sided with the Turks and virtually recognized the state of Turkish Cyprus, currently menaced by the sale of Russian missiles to the Greek Cypriots. The Greeks have the effrontery to want to defend their lives and property against the Turks.

Paris

Not so long ago, a man's level of civilization could be measured, almost literally, by the size of his French vocabulary. (Never by his accent. A good accent, I remind myself, is always in bad taste: It puts one on the same level with the Frogs.) French is now about as much used in American schools as ancient Greek, and even when there are courses, the students learn little or no French, except for schoolboy slang. It was my son's third-year French book that taught me "*dingue*," and I am delighted when a French mother corrects her seven-year-old son, telling him to say "*fou*" instead.

On Sunday, I go to Notre Dame, despite the signs warning tourists to stay out—the American and Japanese tourists are forever wandering in and out. The older American women are the worst: Bursting out of their jeans and jogging suits, they look like overfed seals wearing fanny packs, barking and gabbling about their shopping. They long ago jettisoned any evidence of femininity without ever acquiring the small virtues of the American male—a kind of shy inoffensiveness that some foreigners continue to find endearing.

In several days of meetings with French conservatives, pagan as well as Catholic, the inevitable topic—approached as delicately as the rumor that one has cancer—is America's role in the world. With a kindness and delicacy I had not expected, they ruefully explain that they cannot help regarding the United States as the enemy both of European civilization and of world peace. Many French conservatives believe that Clinton will seize any pretext, no matter how slim, for bombing Iraq, and over dinner with the leader of the *Nouvelle Droite*, we agree that the bombs will probably fall before Christmas. I wonder, vaguely, the next day (December 14) if the tight security at Charles de Gaulle is an indication that something is up.

Rockford

I am happy to board the flight to Chicago, and not only because the United stewardesses are pretty and gracious French girls, who make my free seat in steerage seem like first class. As much as I admire French and Italian conservatives, they are the subjects of the *imperium americanum*, and even though we here in the States are as much victims of this regime as anyone, it is comforting to think that the evil empire is, at least, our evil empire. I'm back, back, back in the U.S.S.A.

DICTATIONS

Words of Mass Destruction

How many changes have been rung on this one phrase: Weapons Of Mass Destruction. We are told we must eliminate the threat of, degrade his capacity to employ, send a clear signal that we will not tolerate the existence of Saddam Hussein's Weapons of Mass Destruction. Secretaries Cohen and Albright both inserted the key phrase into every possible sentence, sometimes more than once, and as journalists picked up the rhythmic chant, most of the American people obediently goose stepped their way to the same beat.

The technique of indoctrination is not new. There are two essential ingredients: first, the selection of a vacuous phrase, which—because it is meaningless—cannot be challenged; then the repetition of the mantra in every conceivable context until the words acquire the hypnotic force to quell both rational argument and moral scruples.

What do journalists have in mind when they obediently repeat "Weapons of Mass Destruction (WOMD)"? Our immediate thought is of nuclear weapons, even though Saddam's nuclear capacity was eliminated first by the Israelis and then by the U.S. Air Force. Well, if not nuclear, then biological and chemical weapons. But in all three categories of WOMD, the United States is the unchallenged leader, followed by Russia, Britain, France, India, Pakistan, Israel, and South Africa.

"But," honk the gaggle of goslings trailing after Madeleine Mother of All Battles, "Saddam is the only leader who has actually used his WOMD." Oh? And we are to believe that the U.S. did not use chemical weapons in Vietnam? "But what if some madman like Saddam got his hands on nuclear weapons, and what if he were to use them?" It is not an Iraqi, though, but an American secretary of state who says that the high civilian death rate in Iraq—higher than at Hiroshima—is an acceptable price to pay for the United State's undefined political and military objectives in Iraq.

Weaponsofmassdestructionweaponsofmassdestruction. Keep on saying it long enough, and you will hear, in between the spaces, similar phrases like "running dogs of Yankee imperialism," "un-American activities," and "*Arbeit Macht Frei*." The revolution changes its name and picks up new gangsters to run the operations under rewritten mission statements, but the project never changes, and the method never changes.

But why take Humpty's word for it, when you can read the words of the master: "*Die breite Masse eines Volkes einer grossen Lüge leichter zum Opfer fällt als einer kleinen.*" Big weapons, big lies. If we cannot reclaim our language from the demagogues, we are not fit to be a free people.

—*Humpty Dumpty*

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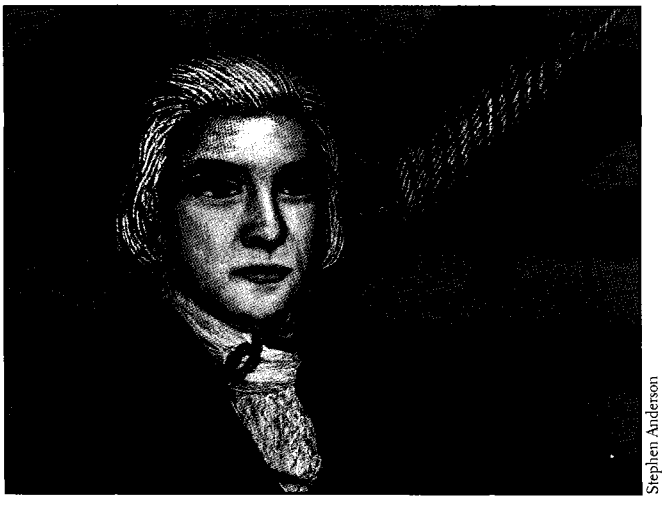
Tom and Sally and Joe and Fawn

The New Jefferson Myth

by Egon Richard Tausch



Stephen Anderson

The timing of *Nature* magazine's "exposé" of Thomas Jefferson's alleged affair with his slave Sally Hemings received a great deal of press attention, coming as it did just before elections which were expected to determine a modern philandering president's fate. At the same time, Joe Ellis, the author of the article, signed a full-page newspaper ad against the impeachment of Bill Clinton. Ellis calls the reappearance of the scandal "impeccable timing," being far too modest about his role in it.

I have known Joe Ellis since we were assistant professors together in the American History Department at West Point, in the early 1970's. The Vietnam War was still going on, and the United States Military Academy was desperate for officer faculty. Joe, a newly credentialed Ivy Leaguer, was drafted and given the choice of fighting in the war or teaching history at West Point. For Joe, the decision was a no-brainer. While at the academy, we shared an interest in Thomas Jefferson, which often put us at loggerheads at faculty conferences and between classes. I eventually resigned my Regular Army commission and became a lawyer, partially due to my reverence for hard evidence. Joe remained a revisionist historian, a growing field at the time.

Clintonites have long telegraphed their intention of smearing America's early presidents in the hope of making the current one appear less despicable. Some of our Founders could use critical reevaluation, but the task should wait until Clinton leaves office, or every common criminal in our past will appear as pure as Parson Weems's George Washington by contrast.

Unfortunately, the media's concentration on Ellis's publication dates and motives has obscured the most important point about Ellis's "bombshell"—that his charge is untrue, and that the best efforts of his geneticist collaborators are useless window-dressing. Since the American mainstream media has taken the *headline* of the genetics article as gospel truth and ignored disclaimers and flaws throughout, the allegation against Jefferson must be rebutted in detail. Whatever one thinks of Thomas Jefferson—and much can be said against him politically—historical truth and competent science are more important than the "legacy" of Bill Clinton.

It is not an exaggeration to say that semi-educated Americans have, as a result of the media barrage (and the obscurity of the original article), now decided that Thomas Jefferson fathered at least one child through his slave, "surely as heinous an act as sex-games with an intern." The accusation fooled even Joseph Sobran and William F. Buckley, Jr. Since the Clintonites have continually argued that their troubles stem only from "lying about sex," the rest of us must waste valuable time on an otherwise trivial historical subject. Fortunately, Ellis's article to the contrary, no previous president, including Thomas Jefferson, can hold a candle (or a cigar) to the sexual corruption of the current occupant of the White House.

The "study" published in *Nature* consisted of a little over a page of genetic speculation and an editorial by Joe Ellis, also a little over a page, of Clinton apologetics masking as history. I will discuss the faults of the "scientific" page later, concentrating first on history, since the geneticists had to rely on the history provided to them. As Dr. Carl Ladd, supervisor of the DNA unit of the Connecticut State Police Department, told the *Washington Times*, "If they are combining scientific and historical data, this is not a scientific study." Considering the historical data which Ellis gave to the geneticists, Ladd's comment is an understatement.

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Every competent history student or teacher knows the allegations concerning Jefferson and Sally Hemings. Yet one Clintonite was given time on National Public Radio to announce that, until Ellis's piece, "white historians" had engaged in a vast conspiracy to obliterate any suspicion of the affair. If such a plot existed, it was spectacularly unsuccessful, as the original accusation was widely published in newspapers in 1802 (at the beginning of Jefferson's first term as president), regularly reprinted (and regularly rebutted), dwelt on at length in every biography of Jefferson since the first one during his lifetime, and repeated throughout the rest of the 19th and 20th centuries, including in some high-school textbooks, a best-selling bodice-ripper, screen presentations, and, finally, two full-length history books devoted exclusively to this scandal, both of which were widely reviewed. Even tour guides at Monticello mention the scandal, though dismissively. It appears that the only people from whom the "white conspiracy" succeeded in hiding the allegations were the folks at National Public Radio.

In Jefferson's time, guests at Monticello were fully aware that almost all of the Jefferson family's house servants, adult and child, were "quadroons" and "octoroons" (not "mulattos," as is commonly said). Being only one-fourth, one-eighth, or, in some cases, one-sixteenth of African descent, most of them could, in the phrase of the day, "pass for white." Yet none of Jefferson's numerous and highly influential visitors ever accused him, privately or publicly, of sexual misconduct, nor was there any scandal until the fateful year of 1802, when the notorious James T. Callender came along.

I am indebted to the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Virginius Dabney, author of *The Jefferson Scandals*, for assembling all the sources. James T. Callender was a Scot who, facing trial for sedition in London in the 1790's, fled to America. He became a writer for the *Philadelphia Gazette*, the house organ of the (original) Republican Party, the faction founded by Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson was delighted with Callender's vicious, if unfounded, attacks on luminaries of the rival Federalist Party. Callender called Washington a "scandalous hypocrite" who "authorized the robbery and ruin of his own army" in the Revolution, and John Adams "a British spy." He also slandered Madison. But none of the mud ever seemed to stick. Callender's first modest success was when he accused Alexander Hamilton of embezzling funds from the Treasury while serving as its secretary. Hamilton proved that the money was his own, but it had been handled mysteriously for the purpose of paying off a blackmailer who had threatened to expose a love affair between Hamilton and the blackmailer's wife. This discovery confirmed Callender in his career of dynamite-fishing—tossing out a fabricated slander in the hope that some unrelated piece of muck would float up to the surface.

Callender was indicted, tried, and convicted under the (unconstitutional) Sedition Act of 1798 for slandering President Adams. When Jefferson became President in 1801, true to his principled opposition to Adams' monarchical pretensions, he promptly pardoned all who had been convicted, including Callender, and released them from jail. But the federal government was slow in returning the fines which Callender and the other convicts had paid. Although Jefferson himself finally paid a portion of Callender's fine, the latter, Dabney records, brooded over his maltreatment and was determined to be rewarded with the Richmond postmastership, which paid $1,500 a year, for his services to the Republican Party.

When President Jefferson refused to appoint him or to respond to his letters, Callender threatened to release information damaging to Jefferson. The President refused to pay what he called "hush money," writing to Governor James Monroe of Virginia that Callender "knows nothing of me which I am not willing to declare before the world." Callender then obtained employment at the *Recorder*, the house organ of the (now opposition) Federalist Party, and began assaulting President Jefferson savagely. Throughout each of several absurd and quickly disproved slanders, Jefferson remained silent, following the principle he had announced to Samuel Smith in 1798: "Were I to undertake to answer the calumnies of the newspapers, it would be more than all my own time, and that of twenty aids [sic] could effect, for while I should be answering one, twenty new ones would be invented. I have thought it better to trust to the justice of my countrymen. . . ."

Callender soon heard of the mixed-race servants at Monticello and promptly announced that the long-widowed Jefferson had a "Congo harem." He had also heard the name "Sally Hemings" and began to write of "dusky Sally," "black Sal," "the black wench and her mulatto litter," and the "mahogany colored charmer." (He had obviously never seen the very light-skinned Hemings.) The Federalist press gleefully repeated the charge. Eminent historian James Truslow Adams, in *The Living Jefferson*, concluded that every mention of the Sally Hemings scandal can be traced back to Callender's articles. Nevertheless, the slander grew until it included the accusation that Jefferson had sold his own "black" children into prostitution in New Orleans. By the 1820's, the entire scandal, though heard by all, was believed by none, and it took the rise of the Abolitionist movement and William Lloyd Garrison's publication of the poem, "Jefferson's Daughter," to revive the slander. A few other Abolitionists made their own efforts at defamation, but since these merely served to alienate them from their countrymen, North and South, they soon gave up.

In 1974, at the height of the popularity of "psychohistory," Professor Fawn Brodie of the University of California at Los Angeles came out with *Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History*. A Book of the Month Club selection and a great commercial success, the book was not a history in any reasonable sense of the term. It was roundly denounced by the historians who reviewed it; the only positive reviews it received were from writers who specialized in fiction. The book is a collection of wild speculation and Freudian "analysis," with whole sections on what Jefferson "must have thought," "must have meant," and "probably did."

Brodie bought the story that all of Sally Hemings' offspring were Jefferson's, which required that the first child, whom Callender called "Yellow Tom" and Brodie called "Tom," was born immediately after Jefferson returned with his servants to Monticello from France, in 1789. The only problem with "Tom" is that he never existed. The meticulous records of slave births at Monticello show none of that name within 10 years of 1789. Although Sally would have been quite visibly pregnant throughout the sea voyage from France to America, none of the passengers who daily saw her and her constant companion, Jefferson's daughter Mary, ever noticed the 16-year-old's supposed state. In the late 19th century, a Thomas Woodson, living in Ohio and of partial African descent, claimed to have been the illegitimate child of Hemings and Jefferson. He offered no evidence and was forgotten, until Brodie decided that he must be Jefferson's child.

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While Brodie reads "passion" into Sally's decision to come back to Virginia with Jefferson, since she would have been free had she stayed in Paris, the fact is that all of Jefferson's slaves made the same decision to return.

I will not waste much more space on Brodie's silliness. Virginius Dabney has meticulously rebutted every one of her contentions. I especially enjoyed Dabney's response to Brodie's claim that Jefferson's book on French Agriculture clearly reveals that his mind was on his "mulatto" Sally Hemings, not asparagus crops. Her proof? Jefferson refers to a "plough," which, Brodie assures us, is the "ancient symbolism" for sex, and also discusses the color of French soil. Equally absurd is Brodie's assertion that Jefferson's remodeling of his portico from square to semi-circular proves his obsession with Sally's breasts. Suffice it to say that Brodie's book, despite its popularity, has never been cited by a reputable historian, for any purpose, since Dabney's book came out. It was Brodie's discredited work, however, that Joe Ellis gave to his geneticist collaborators. They innocently cited it as a main source for their genetic study of the Jefferson family. The only other source they cite that supports their thesis is Ellis's own book.

The greatest difficulty for any historian is to put himself in the frame of mind common to the period which he is examining. This difficulty is nothing new, but it is harder than ever in the current age of political correctness, psychobabble, and racial controversy. Modern writers are perennially shocked that black slavery, common throughout most of the civilized (and uncivilized) world in the 18th and early 19th centuries, was not viewed in the same light as it is today. Throughout his life, Jefferson believed that slavery was a social evil, but he, like most intelligent men of his day, could think of no immediate solution that would not cause the total destruction of the Virginian civilization which he revered. He freed some of his slaves after herculean efforts to teach them crafts which would allow them to prosper in free society. Still, toward the end of his long life, Jefferson defended the South against demands for instant abolition by Northerners who had passed laws which prohibited free blacks from entering, much less being employed in, some of their states. Throughout his adult life, Jefferson denounced any form of miscegenation. In other words, Thomas Jefferson was, in many ways, a product of his time. Just as Joe Ellis is a product of *his* time, more's the pity.

Now we must examine the supposedly impartial science of Ellis's geneticists. A general rule of law, as well as of historical research, is that it is impossible, or nearly so, to prove a negative, so the burden of proof has always been on the accuser. The contrary would be a great boon to writers like Brodie and Ellis, but it would ultimately destroy the concept of history.

With a public still dazzled by the trappings of science, supporting an historical editorial with "scientific discoveries" involving terms and concepts unintelligible to even the best educated of non-specialist readers is a formula for success. My own years of trial work have shown me the value of "expert, scientific witnesses."

When the science consists of DNA analysis, and the public is subjected to babble about genetic codes as the basis for everything from forensic evidence at famous criminal trials, to the pseudoscience behind the blockbuster movie *Jurassic Park*, to Monica's dress, few can be expected to read beyond the title, "Jefferson Fathered Slave's Last Child." However, readers who take the trouble (and enough No-Doz) will find that the geneticist authors did not make such a categorical conclusion.

The only circumstance that honest historians find suspicious is the fact, noted by some visitors to Monticello, that the Hemingses and the Jeffersons resembled each other. What was not generally known at the time, though known to Jefferson himself, was that Sally was the daughter of the Englishman John Wayles and the "bright mulatto" Elizabeth Hemings (daughter of an English sea-captain Hemings), whom Wayles took as his permanent concubine in 1761, after the death of his third wife.

This same John Wayles was Thomas Jefferson's father-in-law. Wayles, through his first wife, Martha Eppes, had a daughter, Martha, later Mrs. Thomas Jefferson. She and Sally Hemings were half-sisters. In fact, all five of Sally's siblings (the "Hemings family") bore the same kinship to Martha. Through his wife, Thomas Jefferson inherited the light-skinned Hemingses as slaves. That is why the Hemings children bore resemblance to his children, and why he gave the Hemings family preferential treatment.

To the layman, these facts would appear to absolve Jefferson of any blame for a genetic similarity between the two families two centuries later. This may explain why Ellis and his geneticist collaborators make no mention of the Wayles connection in their article. The geneticists were careful to limit their inquiry to the part of the genetic code concerning the Y chromosome, which can be transmitted only through the male line, thus making the Wayles connection at least *theoretically* moot.

Because Thomas Jefferson had no sons who survived to adulthood, the geneticists gathered their information on the President's Y chromosome by testing the presumed descendants of his paternal uncle, Field Jefferson (excluding any illegitimacy before or after Field's birth).

Since Brodie's book identified Thomas Woodson as the (non-existent) "Yellow Tom," and five of his male-line descendants could be traced, the geneticists wasted a third of their study on the Woodson line, only to find no similarity to Jefferson's presumed uncle's presumed descendants' Y chromosome among the five. Ellis desperately speculates that maybe Tom Woodson's children, or theirs, were illegitimate, but he never hints at the possibility of illegitimacy in Field Jefferson's or, later, in Eston Hemings' line, and with good reason: His house of cards would fall.

So Thomas Woodson was a washout genetically. What about Sally's son Madison, born in 1805 and of extensive historical record? Did he have a traceable male line of descent? Ellis's geneticists do not mention him, so one must conclude that either his name was withheld from the scientists, or he, too, was a washout in the genetic search for Thomas Jefferson, and therefore an unperson in the article.

That leaves us with Sally's youngest son, Eston. The scientists were informed that Ellis had found one of Eston's descendants—at least, he says he is descended from that particular line of the prolific Hemings. Relying on an "oral tradition of the descendants of Martha Jefferson Randolph" who believed that Eston was the son of either Samuel or Peter Carr (the sons of Jefferson's sister), the geneticists then wasted another fourth of their study on the Carr family. Another washout.

Finally, the geneticists found something of a match: Four of the five presumed descendants of Thomas Jefferson's Uncle Field had a Y chromosome similar to that of the one putative descendant of Eston Hemings. The geneticists conclude that "The simplest and most probable explanation" is that Thomas Jefferson was at least "100 times more likely" to be Eston's pu-

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tative descendant's ancestor than was someone unrelated to the Jefferson family. (That ratio is not quite Clinton's 7.87 trillion times more likely.) However, at least eight other male descendants of Thomas Jefferson's grandfather (and Field Jefferson's father), Thomas Jefferson II, including President Jefferson's younger brother Randolph and Randolph's six sons, lived nearby and stayed at Monticello regularly, so each of *them* is also "100 times more likely" to be Eston's or his putative son's father than someone unrelated. (Try that on your computer.)

The article makes no mention of Randolph Jefferson's prolific line, any more than that of poor Madison Hemings. Could they have *all* died out by the time of the study? Randolph Jefferson and his descendants were the majority of the Jefferson family, and far closer to Thomas Jefferson by blood than either Field Jefferson or any of Field's descendants. Examination of Randolph Jefferson's male-line descendants either would have greatly multiplied the number of suspected slave abusers, or, if their Y chromosome differed from the presumed descendants of Eston Hemings or Field Jefferson, would have destroyed any connection between Thomas Jefferson and Eston Hemings.

Of course, there are also other "simple and probable" explanations, including the fact that Eston lived in the vicinity of Field Jefferson's family and numerous Randolph Jefferson progeny until 1835, and therefore Eston's descendants may have been the first to have the Field (or Randolph?) Jefferson-like gene. The geneticists admit this last possibility (without mentioning the Randolph Jefferson line, of course) but, "in the absence of historical evidence," they consider it "unlikely." Odd that the "absence of historical evidence" is noticed by the scientists only at the end of their article.

There is also the possibility that any of the male-line descendants of Field or Randolph Jefferson had relations with *any* of the female Hemingses over the next 200 years, before or after emancipation, thus introducing the Jeffersons' Y chromosome without the involvement of Thomas Jefferson or Sally Hemings. The Shenandoah Valley of Virginia was not exactly a genetic metropolis.

Now, let us throw in some other complications ignored by, or unknown to, the geneticists who wrote the article. The Hemings family had not only been born to and lived with John Wayles, Thomas Jefferson's randy father-in-law, but also belonged to and lived with the heavily male Eppes family, Wayles' in-laws. Thomas Jefferson's daughter, Mary, whose companion and maid was Sally Hemings, married John Wayles Eppes, who himself was descended from both the Wayles and Eppes families. As even Brodie admits in her book, the Wayles, Eppes, and Jefferson families—like the Wilkes family in *Gone With the Wind*—"always married their [first] cousins." Randolph Jefferson, the President's brother, married Anna Jefferson Lewis, their first cousin and also the sister of Charles Lilburn Lewis, who in turn married the President's and Randolph Jefferson's sister, Lucy. Randolph's son, Thomas Jefferson, Jr., married Mary Randolph Lewis, Lucy Jefferson Lewis's daughter and, therefore, his first cousin through *two* lines. Keeping up? Field Jefferson's family, the one used in the article, is at least equally inbred. Granted that the Y chromosome is carried only by the male line, we still do not have any idea when the "Field Jefferson" Y chromosome entered either family, but we do have plenty of male involvement from each of the three families with the other two families and with the Hemings family. As late as 1825, the family of Francis Eppes was managing Poplar Forest, Thomas Jefferson's residence in Bedford County, when the Hemings family was there for rebuilding after a fire, possibly adding to the genetic stew.

Any little old lady living in genteel poverty in Charlottesville, surrounded by her stacks of genealogical charts, can make a dog's breakfast of an agenda-driven genetic study. The *Nature* article is not even genetics: It is necromancy.

The science of genetics cannot be used for historical research without a top-notch historian and the most complete genealogies possible. The courtroom equivalent of genealogies is the "chain of custody" of evidence; any weak link in the chain of custody will utterly destroy the finest forensic "proof."

Maybe I am being too harsh on Joe Ellis's geneticists. After their "findings" were disputed by other geneticists, Dr. Eugene Foster, lead author of the *Nature* article, told the *Washington Times* that the media "went too far" with their interpretation. He is now distancing himself from Ellis's article in the same magazine, and even from his own article's title.

But the historical damage is done. The attention-span of the media and the public has been exceeded. Jefferson's legacy will always be overshadowed by this new sexual myth, invented to make his modern namesake look less morally corrupt.

Ellis insists that he was only out to show that past presidents, like the current one, were "flesh-and-blood humans." I consider myself a flesh-and-blood human, but I sincerely hope Joe Ellis never sets out to prove me one.

1956: Posture Photos

by Jared Carter

A high-ceilinged room, somewhere
in the gymnasium. Undress, clutch
a towel, stay in line, practice tilting
your pelvis down, making your spine
as straight as possible. Did someone
come along with a grease pencil
and draw a line down your back?
Were you handed a number to hold?
I can't remember now. The next guy says
the girls at Wellesley have to do it too.
Wait there, with all the other freshmen,
until your name is called. Step forward,
stand at the mark. Spotlights show you
from all angles. This exposure is
simultaneous: front, side, and rear.
Your naked body will be converted
into numbers. It is for your own good.
If your posture proves acceptable,
you will be excused from gym class
for the rest of the year. So innocuous,
so quickly forgotten. And even now,
forty years later, after the articles
in *The Times*, after the scandal
has died down, and the authorities
have assured us that all the prints
have been burned, the negatives
destroyed—one remembers
how easy it was for them to tell
such lies. And how easy, too,
for us to have believed in them.

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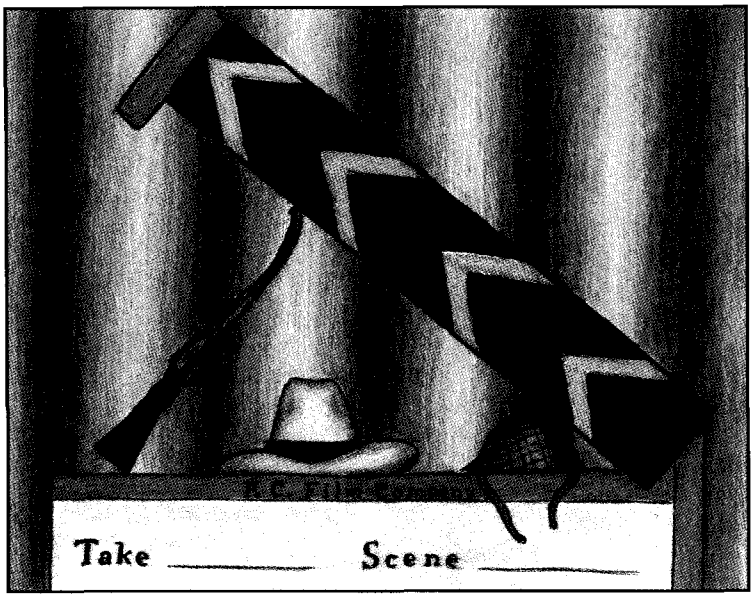
Celluloid Nation

Hollywood Does History

by Roger D. McGrath



Stephen Anderson

At 0825 on 20 November 1943, the first of six waves of Marines left the line of departure and headed for the beach on Betio Island, the principal objective for the United States in the Tarawa Atoll. At 4,000 yards out, shells from Japanese artillery pieces started splashing around the amtracs carrying the Marines. At 2,000 yards, mortars joined in. At 1,000 yards, machine guns opened up. The sound was deafening. Shells were exploding everywhere, and millions of metal fragments filled the air. Amtracs suffered direct hits and exploded in balls of flame and smoke. At 800 yards, the surviving amtracs reached a shallow reef, crawled over it, and began the final run to shore. The murderous fire continued all the way to the beach.

There were only enough amtracs for the first three waves of Marines. The next three waves came in Higgins boats. There was nothing intrinsically wrong with the landing craft designed by an old Marine, Andrew Jackson Higgins, but the craft lacked treads and could not crawl over obstacles like the amtrac. This should have been no problem, but the tides and the depth of Betio's reef had been miscalculated. At 800 yards out, the Higgins boats hit the reef and ground to a halt on the sharp coral. The Marines could do nothing but leap over the sides of the foundering boats and begin wading towards the shore. Shells exploded all around them, throwing columns of water—and the bodies of Marines—high into the air. Machine-gun fire cut down others. The death toll was enormous.

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Lt. Cdr. Robert MacPherson, a Navy pilot in a scout plane high overhead, looked down on the Marines wading ashore and later recorded: "The water seemed never clear of tiny men, their rifles held over their heads, slowly wading beachward. . . . They kept falling, falling, falling . . . singly, in groups, and in rows. I wanted to cry."

No Marine ever took a step backward. As a war correspondent with the fifth wave, Robert Sherrod, said: The Marines were "calm, even disdainful of death . . . black dots of men, holding their weapons high above their heads, moving at a snail's pace, never faltering."

Seventy-six hours later, the Marines declared Betio (or Tarawa, as we tend to call it) secure. In those three days, 1,100 Marines were killed and 2,300 wounded—3,400 casualties for an island two miles long and less than half a mile wide.

Those Marines did not wade ashore and claw their way across the island for some abstract set of principles enunciated in founding documents—at least, not directly. Those Marines exhibited uncommon valor because they were defending something far more valuable—far more atavistic and inspiring—far more primal. Those Marines were defending their tribe—a tribe united by race, language, culture, and religion.

Those Tarawa veterans alive today must wonder what their sacrifice accomplished in the long run. The Los Angeles that I grew up in—in the years immediately following World War II—has been transformed since the 1970's into a dumping ground for the peoples of the Third World. When I went through the Los Angeles city schools, they were 85 percent white. Now they are 85 percent non-white. English, spoken by

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virtually all students as a first language in the 1940's and 50's, is now a second language for the majority of students in the elementary schools. Although difficult to document, there is evidence to suggest that nearly half of the elementary-school students are the children of illegal immigrants. I do not think this is what the Marines fought for.

Buddhist shrines, Muslim mosques, and Hindu temples dot the city and its suburbs. In the greater Los Angeles area, there are 600,000 Buddhists—ten times the number of Episcopalians—and the largest Buddhist temple outside of Asia. There are more than 200,000 Muslims—triple the number of Presbyterians—and 70 mosques. There are some 130,000 Hindus—more than double the number of Methodists—and a dozen Hindu temples. The area is now home to 100,000 adherents of Santeria, an Afro-Caribbean cult that practices animal sacrifice and voodoo-like rituals. I do not think this is what the Marines spilled their blood for.

The destruction of the American tribe is proceeding at a rapid rate in Los Angeles. Race, language, culture, and religion are retreating under a withering fire. It may be happening in your city—or it soon will. Welcome to non-white, non-English speaking, non-Western, and non-Christian America. Instrumental in this destruction is Hollywood—the motion picture and television industry. To the industry, white and Christian is bad. White, Christian, and male is very bad. White, Christian, male, and conservative is abominable.

Do not underestimate the power of the industry. A recent survey found that only 12 percent of American teenagers can name Abraham Lincoln's hometown, but 74 percent can name the town where cartoon character Bart Simpson lives. Only 41 percent can name the three branches of government, but 90 percent know that Leonardo DiCaprio is the star of the movie *Titanic*. Only two percent can name the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, but 95 percent can name the actor who played the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air on television. Only two percent know that James Madison is considered the father of the Constitution, but 90 percent know that Tim Allen is the star of *Home Improvement*. Most astounding of all, perhaps, only 21 percent know that the United States Senate has 100 members, but 75 percent know that 90210 is the ZIP code for Beverly Hills.

This last point frightens me most of all. Isn't figuring the number of senators simple deduction? It all goes to show what watching five hours a day of TV—the teenage average—can do for our youth.

Now, can you imagine asking these same teenagers about Tarawa? I suspect fewer than one percent could even identify it. Would the names William Deane Hawkins, William Bordelon, Alexander Bonnyman, or David Shoup mean anything to them? Those four Marines won the Medal of Honor for taking that speck of real estate in the Pacific. Three of them died doing it.

Hollywood used to do a fair job with such subjects—and we were the good guys. Everyone knew about Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Japan—*Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*; and the Marines destroying the vaunted Japanese jungle fighters on that stinking, rotting, malarial-infested island of Guadalcanal—*Guadalcanal Diary*. We all knew about the five Sullivan brothers fighting and dying in the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal—*The Fighting Sullivans*; Claire Chennault and his P-40 pilots performing heroic feats in China and Burma—*The Flying Tigers*; the 8th Air Force in death-defying missions in the skies over Germany—*Twelve O'Clock High*; Anthony McAulliffe replying "Nuts!" to the German demand for the surrender of the 101st Airborne at Bastogne—an event in *Battleground* and in several other movies, including *Patton*; the Marines raising the flag on Mt. Suribachi—*The Sands of Iwo Jima*; and little Audie Murphy leaving hundreds of enemy dead in his wake—*To Hell and Back*.

Movies portraying white males in heroic roles in actual historical events—unless somehow they involve a politically correct theme—are nearly non-existent today. A good friend of mine, Col. Ed Ramsey, went into the bush when the American surrender occurred at Bataan. Ramsey was a young lieutenant in the 26th Cavalry at the time and joined a handful of other American officers who decided that they would slip through the lines and organize Filipinos for guerrilla warfare against the Japanese invaders.

Eventually, Ed Ramsey commanded 40,000 guerrillas and became Japanese Lt. Gen. Hideo Baba's most-wanted man. Gen. Baba offered the equivalent of a million dollars in today's money for information on the whereabouts of Ramsey, but no Filipino, including those captured and tortured to death by the Japanese, ever betrayed him. To the Filipinos, Ramsey was their leader, their hero.

Ramsey spent three years in the jungles of the Philippines and wreaked havoc on the Japanese. He came close to death on several occasions. What he did in those three years is mind-boggling. By the time MacArthur returned, Ramsey was terribly debilitated from wounds, disease, and malnutrition. He had lost nearly 40 percent of his body weight and weighed only a hundred pounds, but the skeletal Ramsey, by then a major, managed to stand at attention while MacArthur promoted him to lieutenant colonel and pinned medals on his chest. Ramsey spent the next two years in VA hospitals recovering.

You would think that Ed Ramsey's story would make a great book—and you would be right. In 1991, after years and years of writing and stopping, putting the project aside, and then starting again, *Lt. Ramsey's War* was published. I was at the Filipino consulate in Los Angeles for the official launching of the book. The Filipino consulate was an appropriate venue because Ramsey's decorations from the Philippine government are second only to MacArthur's. It was an emotionally charged and poignant event.

Plenty of big brass from the United States were there, but most telling were the dozens of Filipino veterans—men who had served under Ramsey—who managed to attend. With tears in their eyes, their voices too choked with emotion to speak, and many of them on unsteady legs, they stepped up to their beloved commander and embraced him. Some of them almost collapsed.

You would think that Ed Ramsey's story would make a great movie—and you would be right. A major studio bought the rights to the book and paid big bucks to two screenwriters to prepare a script. A big-name director signed on to the project. Famous actors were interested in the various roles. Everything was good-to-go. Then there was a shakeup, totally unrelated to this particular project, of studio executives. All projects were reviewed. One of the new executives looked at *Lt. Ramsey's War* and said: "Impossible. We can't have a white man leading all those people of color."

Well, the fact remains that Ed Ramsey *did* lead 40,000 Filipinos, and he helped deliver the islands from the Japanese,

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"people of color" who managed to kill a million Filipinos, many through the most diabolical tortures imaginable. Ed Ramsey is an American hero and a hero to the Filipinos.

The movie project has been on hold now for more than a year, but there may eventually be a happy ending to all this. Since the success of *Saving Private Ryan*, the studio has reconsidered the project. The smell of big money has evidently caused the politically correct executive to cast aside his fashionable principles. In addition, another studio has expressed interest in acquiring rights to the project.

Ed Ramsey, despite major heart surgery, is still going strong at 81 years old. He gives guest lectures in my World War II class, and the students cannot believe that he is the hero they have been reading about, standing in front of them in the flesh. The young coeds are especially taken by him. They think he looks good. He thinks they look good, too. The colonel, the Old Man, is still amazingly robust. I just hope he lives to see himself on the silver screen.

For the last ten years, I have dealt with Hollywood in a variety of capacities—as a consultant and technical advisor for a television series, as a consultant for various film and television projects, and as an interview subject for documentaries. The push for political correctness or, perhaps more accurately, cultural Marxism is pandemic. However, I have found politically incorrect individuals in the business.

In 1991, I was brought on board the television series *The Young Riders* by David Gerber, the chairman and CEO of MGM Television at the time. Gerber hired me to make the series more authentic and historically accurate. He thought the producer and the writers had taken far too many liberties with the plots and characters; the series was supposed to be based on the Pony Express and on actual riders.

I immediately hit it off with Gerber. He was a straight-talking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth guy who had worked his way up in the business from the mailroom. He also was amazingly well read and had a solid grounding in history. He had read extensively not only in popular historical literature but also in scholarly historical literature. We had much to talk about. I also got along well with Gerber's assistant, a sharp young executive with loads of energy, talent, and integrity.

Not so with the producer of the series. He thought of himself as a creative genius and looked upon me as a threat to his works of art. Furthermore, I was out of the chain of command, and this drove him nuts. I reported to Gerber. The producer could not attempt the normal game of intimidation that is very much a part of Hollywood. I learned that Hollywood is very hierarchically structured and that intimidation and even humiliation of subordinates is *de rigueur* for some of those in the business.

Part of this is the fault of the subordinates themselves, many of whom are among the most sycophantic people I have ever come across. These same sycophants turn right around and treat the people below them like dirt. Now, of course, not everybody fits these descriptions. Nonetheless, there seems to be a greatly disproportionate number of such types in Hollywood. Some of it, I think, has to do with the enormous money to be made in the business. There are large carrots dangled in front of everyone, and the attempt to please a superior takes precedence over principles, morals, and truth-telling.

Large carrots? The producer of the *The Young Riders* was making $30,000 a week. I can only imagine what he thought when he looked out of the window of his plush office in the MGM building and saw me driving up each week in my 1971 VW bug with rusted surf racks on the top, knowing that I was there to tell him what changes he should make in the script. I am told he threw fits each week after I left. As you might suspect, I did not ingratiate myself with a producer who made more money every two weeks than I made in a year. I tried to be tactful and polite, but I had to do the job that I was brought aboard to do. I simply gave the producer and the writers the straight scoop.

Most of the writers seemed far less driven by a politically correct agenda than the producer, although they were eager to please the producer and get their teleplays on the air. Most of them accepted the liberal clichés of the university campus and of Hollywood and generally wrote that way, but it was my impression that they seemed more concerned with working and picking up a paycheck. They were well paid, they worked hard, and they were skilled at their craft. Several actually seemed eager to be made aware of historical inaccuracies and misrepresentations and tried to tell a good story honestly.

I worked on some 50 scripts—44 of them aired as episodes of *The Young Riders*—before the series went off the air. A few examples from a few of the scripts should give you an idea of what the politically correct of Hollywood want us to think.

There were no black Pony Express riders; however, in the interests of "urban demographics"—Hollywood's code phrase for blacks—it was decided that one of the principal characters would be black. I suggested that he be a wrangler at the station, but that would not do. He would be one of the riders. He was named Noah, and he was just like the white riders except—he was perfect. After some time, I came to realize that Noah was not merely an Old Testament patriarch come to ride for the Pony Express: He was God.

It was also decided that there should be some Mexicans in the show. A Spanish mission suddenly appeared in Wyoming, near the home station for our riders. That the nearest Spanish mission was actually in the upper Rio Grande Valley, 600 miles to the south, did not seem to matter. Now we could have Mexican heroes. At least the priest who ran the Spanish mission was Father Reilly.

One of our riders was Wild Bill Hickok. Although he never was a rider for the Pony Express, he did work as a teamster for Russell, Majors and Waddell, the firm that created the Pony Express. Making him a rider and a dozen other historically inaccurate things that were done with him in the series are probably forgivable—dramatic license. One script, however, had him making anti-gun statements—something to the effect that he hated the darn things but was forced to use them and it would really be best if nobody had them.

The real Hickok was fascinated with guns from childhood. He got his own revolver at the age of 12 and practiced with it constantly. He was a deadeye and proud of it. As an adult, he carried two Colt Navy revolvers and two derringers. He had a collection of guns that included not only pistols but rifles and shotguns as well. He took target practice daily and cleaned and reloaded his weapons every night.

Jesse James was also in for some revisionism. Although he never had anything to do with the Pony Express, he appears in the series as a teenage boy working at the station. Jesse has all sorts of modern angst and talks and cries openly about it. In one scene he sobs, the tears flow, and he purges his soul. This modern angst-ridden crybaby would certainly come as a surprise to those who knew the real Jesse. His family always remarked that,

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even as a little boy, he was tough as nails. The last time his mother could remember Jesse crying was when he was three years old and his father left home for the goldfields of California.

In the series, Jesse also has to be taught the use of firearms. He is portrayed as very nervous around guns, and in a critical situation he freezes and is unable to pull the trigger. The real Jesse was an accomplished hunter and tracker and an expert marksman by his early teens. By the time he turned 17, he was a Confederate guerrilla riding with Bloody Bill Anderson. As Anderson described young Jesse: "Not to have any beard, he is the keenest and cleanest fighter in the command."

I probably do not have to tell you that our Indians were always perfect. They never killed women or children or innocent men, nor did they scalp or mutilate their victims. They treated their women honorably and respectfully. Only whites perpetrated atrocities and abused women. Story lines that had Indians chasing Pony Express riders were rejected out of hand, although there are several true stories of lone Pony Express riders being chased by dozens of Indians, suffering terrible wounds, and yet miraculously escaping. Great stuff, but not the stuff *The Young Riders* was made of.

Recently, I served as a consultant for a major studio doing an historical project on California. Again, the political correctness was evident on every page of the script. Nearly every scene featured "people of color." If whites were to be shown, they had to be part of—in the studio's words—an "ethnically diverse" group. For example, four figures represented the miners of a gold town in California. One was black, one was Mexican, one was Chinese, and one was white: perfect balance and perfect nonsense.

I doubt it will make much difference, but in my notes for the studio I provided the federal census for Bodie, about as typical a mining town as one could find. The census counted some 5,400 people in the town. Of these, 92 percent were white, 6 percent Chinese, 1.9 percent Mexican, and 0.3 percent black. I could find no mining town where blacks constituted more than one-half of one percent of the population. So, yes, blacks were in the gold camps, but in numbers so small as to be almost invisible.

The Chinese were the only significant non-white group, but even they accounted for only six percent of the population in Bodie and were never much more than that in any camp. No matter: The gold camps will be portrayed as "ethnically diverse," meaning one-quarter black, one-quarter Mexican, one-quarter Chinese, and one-quarter white.

When it comes to the mining camps of the 19th-century West, the term "ethnically diverse" should really be reserved for the different kinds of whites. In Bodie, half of the 5,400 residents were foreign-born whites. Some 850 had been born in Ireland; 750 in Canada; 550 in England, Cornwall, or Wales; 250 in Germany; 120 in Scotland; 80 in France; and 60 in Sweden, Denmark, or Norway.

Then, of course, there were the 2,400 native-born whites from various sections of the country. This is what diversity meant in the mining camps of the Old West: Irishmen and Scots; Cornishmen, Welshmen, and Englishmen; Germans and Scandinavians; Frenchmen; New England Yankees; big-city New Yorkers; Virginia cavaliers; Midwestern farmers; Texas Comanche-fighters; and others from all points between.

Whites simply do not seem to count anymore when it comes to such projects. To portray the struggles and achievements of whites just will not do. Yet California has been more than 90 percent white for most of its history as a state, and, as a result, most of those who have struggled and achieved have been white.

I was surprised to see in this latest project that even the Okies, except for one brief scene, were ignored. At one time, they had some status as an oppressed victim group and, therefore, were worthy of a sympathetic portrayal, as in John Ford's epic, *Grapes of Wrath*. Today, being white, they get almost no portrayal at all, yet they had a profound effect on the state of California and had it far, far rougher than any immigrants today.

Between 1920 and 1950, some 1.2 million people from the greater Dust Bowl region arrived in California, most of them Okies, Arkies, and Texans. Many areas of the state were transformed. By 1950, Dust Bowl folk constituted 12 percent of the state's population. In the San Joaquin Valley, they were 22 percent of the population. Even in Los Angeles, they were more than ten percent of the population.

They were instantly identifiable by their dress, accents, language, country-western music, and evangelical Protestantism. They were down-home folk, proud, conscious of their separate identity, ready and willing to fight, and tough. It is no longer fashionable or politically correct to mention them, though, because they were white and their necks were burned a deep red after a day in the fields.

If network television and the major studios are mostly controlled by the industry's prevailing ideology of political correctness, the cable channels offer some hope. I have been an interview subject for some 40 documentaries, including two dozen episodes of *The Real West*. Most of the producers I have worked with have been determined to tell the story straight. They have had real integrity and produced a finished product in which I was proud to appear.

The Real West first aired on A&E several years ago and quickly became the most popular series in the channel's history. I do not know if the series still holds that claim to fame, but it is regularly rerun now on the History Channel. Middle America, when given the opportunity, consumes real history with a voracious appetite. I cannot tell you the number of people from every region in the country who have written me over the years, praising the *The Real West* and thanking me for my work in it.

Actually, real thanks should go to Greystone Communications, the producer of the series, and to the individual producers of each episode. I just hope that those producers, as they move up to bigger and bigger projects, do not compromise their integrity for the megabuck carrot of Hollywood.

Of course, I have also worked with documentary producers who have had politically correct agendas. One such company, which was doing a series for Ted Turner, filmed me for more than two hours at the Autry Museum of Western Heritage. I was not far into the interview before I realized that I wasn't saying what the producers wanted to hear. When the documentary aired, I had a very small role in it. What was left of my interview had been edited to render my comments innocuous and generally compatible with the producers' agenda.

I shall continue to do my best to tell it straight, but I shall also keep my powder dry. The day may come when it will be necessary to take America back. Do not let the Marines' sacrifice at Tarawa, or the sacrifice of Americans at any other beachhead or field of battle, be in vain.

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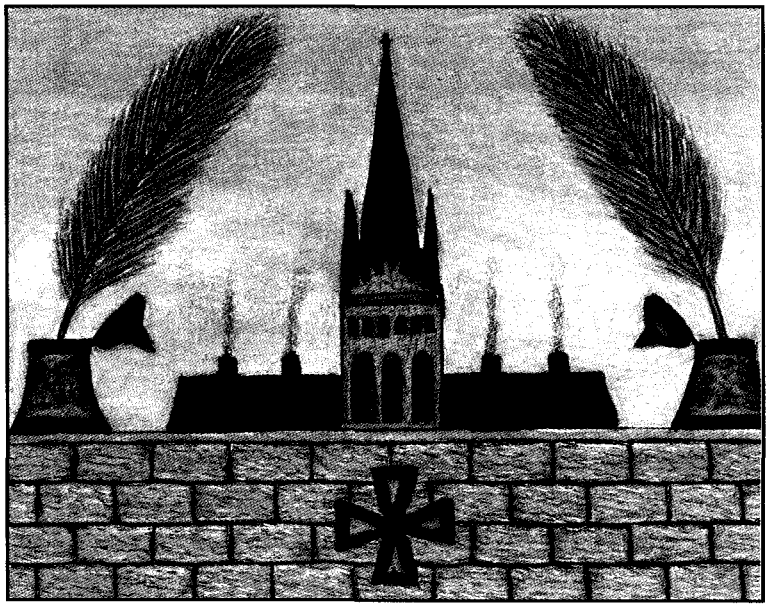
Europe's *Kulturstadt* for 1999

by Curtis Cate



Stephen Anderson

Four years ago, when I made a trip to Naumburg to attend a philological symposium devoted to Nietzsche, I was told by one of the participants that, until recently, West Germans traveling from Frankfurt on the main west-east railway line had been forced to dismount when the train reached the "frontier town" where the Federal Republic ended and Erich Honnecker's DDR (German Democratic Republic) began and to climb into another train in order to reach Leipzig. This inconvenience was a sickly symptom of a systematic *Abgrenzung* (demarcation) policy, pursued with pathological singlemindedness by a "satellite" regime that was determined to prove its Marxist superiority over its bigger, wealthier, capitalistic neighbor to the west. Today, this absurd anomaly has disappeared, along with so much else, and now trains regularly travel back and forth with no arbitrary impediments between Frankfurt, Leipzig, and the Saxon capital of Dresden.

The train on which I traveled this time from Frankfurt, via Fulda, Eisenach—famous for the Wartburg Castle in which (in 1522) a carefully hidden "heretic" named Martin Luther translated the New Testament from Greek into German—and on past the old university town of Erfurt to Weimar, was called the Johann-Sebastian-Bach Express. The unlucky *Deutsche Bundesbahn*, recently plagued by several embarrassing railway accidents, may be a utilitarian instrument of locomotion for the carless, but in an increasingly culture-conscious Germany, it seems only proper that one of its trains should honor the memory of the great baroque composer who spent eight years (1708-1716) as the largely unappreciated organist of the ducal court at Weimar and who later, more auspiciously, served for a quarter of a century as the cantor of the famous *Thomaskirche* in Leipzig.

Today, all over the world, great cities are fighting a desperate battle to save their centers from being overrun, encumbered, and polluted by the all-intrusive automobile, delivery van, and truck. Only in towns that have retained their medieval ramparts—such as Fez in Morocco, Avila in Spain, Carcassonne in France—have the municipal authorities been relatively successful in combating a pervasive invasion of gas-propelled metal. To these havens of pedestrian felicity, we should, however, add certain Central European towns that have been miraculously spared the aesthetic (and, all too often, social) blight of urban industrialization. The "secular" town of Weimar, like its not too distant Thuringian neighbor, the cathedral city of Naumburg, is one of them.

Carless travelers choosing to reach Weimar by train are confronted, as they step out of the squat railway station to the north, by a tree-lined avenue sloping gently down towards the vulnerable city center—which, when I visited it last May, was having its entrails picked clean by half a dozen tall, predatory cranes in a strenuous effort to meet the awesome challenge imposed on it by the Eurocrats in Brussels, who decided some time ago that this historically world-famous Thuringian town should be singled out and honored as the *Kulturstadt Europas*—the cultural "capital" of Europe during the pre-millennial year of 1999.

As I walked down the nondescript avenue connecting the railway station to the city center, I was struck by its sole distinctive feature: its name, the Karl-Liebknecht-Strasse. Anyone glancing at a map of present-day Weimar cannot fail to be impressed by its distinctly "liberal," as well as cosmopolitan, character—with street names that pay homage to George Washington, Steuben (yes, the same Prussian baron who was present at the siege of Yorktown), Franz Liszt, Alexander Pushkin, Shakespeare, along with a host of German and Austrian celebrities

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led by Bach, Heinrich Heine, Richard Wagner, Gerhart Hauptmann, Richard Strauss, Herder, Wieland, Feuerbach, Alexander von Humboldt, the two Cranach painters (father and son), Walter Gropius (who founded his celebrated Bauhaus architectural school in Weimar during the 1920's), and, of course, the greatest of the town's "adopted sons," Goethe and Schiller. That Weimar's municipal authorities should have made no effort to alter the street name of Karl Liebknecht, the ill-starred "Spartakist" revolutionary who was murdered by anti-communist *Freikorps* activists and casually tossed into a Berlin canal in January 1919, is, I think, indicative of the town's essentially tolerant and ecumenical character, as is the name, Platz der Demokratie, that was imposed years ago on the palace square, which is dominated by a late 19th-century equestrian statue of Weimar's most famous duke—the relatively "enlightened" Carl August (1757-1828), who for more than four decades was Goethe's friend and protector.

What nobody, whether an unhurriedly pedestrian map reader or a more speedily cab-driven sightseer, can fail to notice when he reaches the end of the Karl-Liebknecht-Strasse is the red and white "No Access" disk barring automotive penetration into Weimar's *Innenstadt*. In November 1775, when Goethe first came to Weimar, the little town, which then numbered 6,000 souls in a Lilliputian duchy of 34 square miles, was protected by ramparts and ten watchtowers—only one of which, rising like a dark, baroque lighthouse over the rooftops of the ducal Schloss, still survives. Even though he had come at the urgent invitation of the 18-year-old Duke Carl August (who had traveled to Frankfurt to meet the celebrated arch-romantic author of *The Suffering of the Young Werther*), Goethe, like any other stranger, had to register at the little town's western gate, indicating his name, his rank, and the purpose of his visit.

Today, it requires an effort of imagination to picture the extraordinarily fragmented state of 18th-century Germany, with its patchwork quilt of close to 300 jealously "independent" duchies, grand duchies, principalities, bishoprics, Reich-cities, and "free towns," almost all of them surrounded by medieval ramparts which, in an age of gunpowder, bombards, and siege cannon, had ceased to be protective in any meaningful military sense, while remaining an economic bane for peasants and merchants forced to pay a toll for the privilege of entering the town or city with their wares.

In France, Louis XIV had decided as early as 1660 that the capital city of Paris could be "disarmed" and divested of its ramparts without peril to its inhabitants. The result of this urban disencumbrance was a ring of broad "boulevards"—a word of Nordic origin (*boulewerke* in Dutch, *bulwarks* in English) originally derived from the wooden logs of "bole-work" that had been used to buttress the old ramparts' tunnel-like passages. However, it took the more timorous rulers of Weimar almost a century to dare to follow the Sun King's example. The most notable result was the creation of a tree-lined *esplanade* of distinctly modest proportions, in one of whose ochre-hued burgher houses the poet Friedrich Schiller took up residence in 1799. Unlike the car-crammed boulevards of Paris, this *esplanade* is now being turned into a pleasant pedestrian fareway for the hundreds of thousands of robustly happy discontentedly de-motorized foot-sloggers who will be converging on Weimar next year.

I do not pretend to be an expert on the curiously static circumstances of Goethe's long life, two-thirds of which he spent in Weimar. But it is, I think, safe to say that the 26-year-old poet and playwright would probably not have extended his stay in the undistinguished ducal town, where hogs, geese, and errant livestock still roamed the unpaved streets, had Weimar in 1775 not been striving to "modernize" itself in an age of aristocratic elegance dominated by two of the most francophilic "enlightened despots" ever to have sat upon a European throne: Frederick II of Prussia (who despised German as an uncouth language fit only for stable boys and corporals) and Catherine the Great of Russia. The strong feeling of francophobic revulsion which later overtook the Saxon-born Catherine after the French Jacobins had guillotined their monarch in 1792 was never fully shared by Goethe; but there is little doubt that the blow thus dealt to a hitherto dominant French culture by the revolutionary *sans-culottes* enhanced the growing prestige of William Shakespeare's English and greatly spurred the development of a German language and literature which, until Goethe burst on the scene, had remained for the most part a language of pedantic scholars and theologians.

The first person to have conceived the idea of making the little Thuringian town of Weimar a center of *German* culture was neither Goethe nor his princely patron, Duke Carl August, who in his younger years was more interested in sowing a few wild oats by riotous hunting, drinking, and skirt-lifting than he was in quietly reading books of poetry. No, Weimar's first important benefactor was the duke's small, unprepossessing, but nimble-minded mother, the dowager duchess Anna Amalia. Widowed at the age of 19, this niece of Frederick the Great had to use all of her feminine charm, administrative common sense, and feminine guile to reestablish the financial solvency of a town that had been virtually bankrupted by a spendthrift duke (her father-in-law).

The name "Weimar," it seems, is derived from two old Germanic words—*Wiha-Mari* (holy still water)—applied centuries ago to the gently flowing Ilm. Since the Ilm, a lovely, willow-and-ash-flanked brook, was far removed from the wealth-bringing waterways and trade routes of medieval and post-Renaissance Germany, the shrewd dowager duchess Anna Amalia decided that the best way to drag Weimar from its impecunious obscurity was to play the cultural card for all it was worth. In the nearby university town of Erfurt, Christoph Martin Wieland had begun to make a name for himself with his graceful verse "romances" and his translations of Shakespeare's plays. He had, furthermore, recently published a didactic novel, *The Gold Mirror, or the Kings of Scheschian*, in which he had expounded his views as to how a prince should be brought up in order to become an "enlightened" ruler of his subjects. The essence of Wieland's message was summed up in a single sentence, worth quoting for the relevance it has for the urgent problems of today: "A state could have the best laws, the best religion, the most flourishing condition of its sciences and arts, and nevertheless be ill ordained if the legislator had first shown his lack of wisdom by overlooking one point, on which in every tiny respect everything depends, the education of the young."

Sensible recommendations like this one—so different from the visionary "permissiveness" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Emile* (a child must be granted a maximum of freedom and allowed to grow up as unfettered and "naturally" as a tree)—made such an impression on Wieland's contemporaries that his didactic novel was translated into French—in those days a supreme encomium. In a stroke of genius, the astute dowager duchess invited Wieland to come to Weimar to tutor her two

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sons, Carl August and Constantin. She made the offer so financially enticing that, in 1772, Wieland moved from the theologically stuffy atmosphere of Erfurt to the more relaxed atmosphere of Weimar. The poet celebrated his liberation from academic chores by writing the libretto for the first *Singspiel* opera to have been composed for German voices—*Alceste* (a weak forerunner of Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail*)—and by launching the *Teutscher Merkur* (to rival *Mercure de France*), which overnight became Germany's leading literary monthly.

Wieland, who was 16 years older than Goethe, was a singularly congenial poet who did not resent the intrusion on his literary turf of the 26-year-old genius from Frankfurt. Had it been otherwise—who knows?—Goethe, in that fateful month of November 1775, might have reverted to his original plan and proceeded on his way to Italy, and the little ducal town would have relapsed into its somnolent provincial obscurity. But fortunately for Weimar, the 42-year-old author of charming verse romances and the 26-year-old poet and revolutionary dramatist—who, in his rough-and-tumble play *Goetz von Berlichingen*, had disrespectfully thumbed his nose at the prevailing conventions of polite discourse and had rudely kicked the stilted Aristotelian "unities" of time and space off the German stage—hit it off immediately and remained good friends until the day of Wieland's death in 1813.

Infinitely less close were Goethe's relations with the third member of the literary trio who, in less than three decades, made Weimar culturally famous throughout the German-speaking world and beyond. This was not, as one might at first suppose, Friedrich Schiller, a relative latecomer to the scene, but Johann Gottfried Herder, whom Goethe had met by chance in a suburb of Strasbourg while Herder was undergoing painful treatment for his eyes. Six months after his arrival in Weimar, Goethe took what was probably the boldest and bravest step in his curiously long, vacillating, and dilettantish career: He persuaded his young mentor, Duke Carl August, to invite Herder to come to Weimar to fill the long vacant "superintendency" (a senior ecclesiastical post in the Lutheran Church) of the old Peter and Paul Church, whose Cranach altar painting of a crucified Christ is one of the masterpieces of late-Gothic German art. Fortunately for his sponsors and the subsequent fate of Weimar, Herder, a truculent germanophile who often quarreled with the more cosmopolitan Goethe, accepted the invitation.

Today, the name of Herder means nothing to Americans, outside of the university faculties of comparative literature, history, and philosophy. But during his 26-year "reign" in Weimar, where he preached and pontificated from the pulpit of the Peter and Paul Church, Herder's influence throughout the Germanic world as a philosophical theorist of the romantic *Sturm und Drang* movement equaled Goethe's and was comparable to Rousseau's prestige in France. Like Rousseau, Herder believed that feeling and emotion are every bit as important as reason; but unlike Rousseau, who had a particular affinity for music, Herder was fascinated by the infinite diversity, rather than by the universal similarity, of human beings. Each individual people, he was convinced, possessed its particular *Volksgeist*, a kind of native genius spontaneously expressed in its poetic mythology, folk songs, and tales. Whereas, almost to a man, the French Encyclopedists and *philosophes* had wanted to do for the study of civil society and psychology what Newton had done for the cosmos—by discovering the universal "laws" governing the individual and collective behavior of human beings—Herder, inspired by the principles of organic growth and development that cause an oak to differ from a birch tree or a poppy from a rose, felt that the only way to understand a people and thus help it fulfill its cultural vocation was to dig deep down into the distant, almost invisible roots of its linguistic past in order to discern what was indigenous and authentic rather than artificially copied and "imported" from outside. He was one of the first great explorers of the Nordic roots of German culture: It was Herder who urged Goethe to study Shakespeare and the Germanic Edda myths. So ardent and singleminded was his *idée fixe* as to what was nationally "authentic" and inauthentic that he ended up denouncing the Italian Renaissance as the pernicious interrupter of a vigorous Germanic culture that had begun to flourish during the later Middle Ages. His disparagement of Greek and Roman models for the purposes of contemporary German education brought him into direct conflict with Goethe, an ardent admirer of ancient Greece and Rome.

Although Herder has been credited with having invented the German word *Nationalismus*, he was anything but a narrow-minded nationalist, for his interest in folk cultures and poetic myths was universal. His antipathy for every kind of cultural "artificiality" was so profound that, as Isaiah Berlin noted in a brilliant essay, it inspired him to write trenchant sentences like this one:

> The savage who loves himself, his wife and his child . . . and works for the good of his tribe as for his own . . . is in my view more genuine than the human ghost, the . . . citizen of the world, who, burning with love for all his fellow ghosts, loves a chimera. The savage in his hut has room for any stranger . . . the saturated heart of the idle cosmopolitan is a home for no one.

There was hardly a great figure in what can properly be called Germany's cultural renaissance during the late 18th and early 19th centuries who was not enormously influenced by Herder. The list includes Hegel—whom Herder, had he not died in 1803, would surely have condemned for his philosophical apotheosis of the state. For, as Isaiah Berlin emphasized, if Herder

> denounces individualism, he equally detests the State, which coerces and mutilates the free human personality. His social vision is antagonistic to government, power, domination. Louis XIV and Frederick the Great (like Caesar and Charlemagne) represent a detestable ideal. . . . He is repelled by the claims of contemporary Celtomaniacs and Teutomaniacs who rhapsodized over the ancient Gauls and Northmen. He celebrates German beginnings, because they are part of and illuminate his own civilization, not because German civilization ranks higher than others on a cosmic scale.

A few months before Goethe's arrival in Weimar, a fiery thunderbolt had reduced much of the ducal castle to roofless stonework and charred beams. I cannot help feeling that this disaster was curiously providential in encouraging Goethe to prolong his stay. A keen lover of the arts who might have become a painter had he displayed a greater talent in his pencil sketches, Goethe retained a life-long interest in architecture.

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The prospect of being able to influence his young mentor, Duke Carl August, not only in matters of architectural reconstruction but also in the layout of an English-style park, extending southward toward the Belvedere hunting lodge along the banks of the discreet, half-hidden Ilm, was too tempting to resist.

The guidebooks assure us that Goethe's influence in the choice of trees to be planted—everything from oaks, elms, cedars, poplars, weeping willows, alders, and beeches to firs, white-barked birches, and mountain ash—was decisive. But it seems evident that between this English-style park—with its casually spaced clumps of trees rising above meadows dotted by buttercups and daisies, marigolds and thistledown—and its influential promoter there occurred a kind of bucolic symbiosis bordering on perfection. The magic of this faintly forested meadowland begins to work on one from the moment one crosses the first wooden footbridge over the rippling, green-watered Ilm or walks down the grassy slope from the old *Stadtschloss*, Anna Amalia's exquisite library, or the long, many-windowed house that was once inhabited by Duke Carl August's *Oberstallmeister* (master of the horse), with whose cultivated wife, Charlotte von Stein, Goethe carried on a letter-exchanging flirtation during his first ten years in Weimar. Nor is this magic purely visible; for I have never known a spot—not even Oxford or Cambridge—where what is "town" dissolves more imperceptibly into sonorous woodlands resonant with the happy chirping, warbling, and trilling of joyous songbirds.

Not long after Goethe's arrival in Weimar, Duke Carl August, realizing how cramped and uncomfortably lodged was his protégé in a local hostelry, made him a gift of a curiously squat, tall-roofed *Gartenhaus*, built up against the eastern slope of the flat meadowed valley, to which the recently promoted *Geheimrat* (privy councilor) could escape from the irksome chores of daily administration and court etiquette. It was in this semi-sylvan "retreat" that, during his early years in Weimar, Goethe wrote the first version of his *Wilhelm Meister* novels, his *Iphigenie in Tauris* tragedy, and some of his most famous poems—such as the *Erlkönig* ("King of the Elves"), which was first performed in ballet form at the ducal theater in 1782.

All sightseeing of famous homes is based on the spectral illusion that one can somehow better appreciate the works of creative geniuses by visiting the places where they composed or painted their masterpieces. This is a reverent illusion, closely related to the religious impulse that prompts pilgrims to visit a famous shrine or chapel. In the case of most geniuses, almost all that remains to evoke fleeting bursts of creativity are random furnishings which once formed the *décor* of those blessed moments of inspiration. Goethe's celebrated *Gartenhaus* is no exception. Its sparse pieces of furniture—including a late-18th-century clavichord made of mahogany and cherry wood, a handsome Viennese writing desk with a score of tiny drawers (for the conservation of botanical species), and a curious traveling bed equipped with litter bars and handles—give one a graphic idea of Goethe's spartan love of simplicity. (Often his faithful valet, Philipp, slept in the same bedroom.) But none of these piously preserved artifacts tell us much about the sources of the poet's inspirations—save, perhaps, for two truly "Goethean" items: a copper engraving showing a panorama of Rome, viewed from the summit of the Janiculum in 1765, and an imaginary city map of ancient Rome, with its 14 metropolitan "districts," such as it was supposed to have been at the time of Marcus Aurelius and the later Caesars.

When I visited this unassuming cottage early one Saturday morning, I was lucky enough to have no more than a dozen sightseeing competitors to contend with. I am not the only one who dreads what is likely to happen during the precentennial year of 1999. Indeed, the *Kulturstadt*'s directors are bracing themselves for such a flood of visitors that they are considering the construction of a second, ersatz *Gartenhaus*, not far from the real one, in the hope that this may relieve the pressure placed on creaking floorboards by tens of thousands—what am I saying? by hundreds of thousands—of "fans" eager to tramp up and down the plain, uncarpeted stairs once trodden by the "Master."

I must confess that I found the sparse furnishings and unpretentious simplicity of the garden house far closer in spirit to what it was in Goethe's day than the imposing burgher house—14 windows broad, with a pedimented entrance and two double-doored lateral archways for carriages and horses—that the poet-in-residence was offered as a present by his ducal benefactor in 1782. When Goethe died, half a century later, in his 83rd year, he left behind an extraordinary accumulation of belongings estimated to have totaled close to 50,000 items. Unlike his slightly older contemporary, Catherine the Great, who had a palace—the now world-famous Hermitage—built in Saint Petersburg to house the scores of paintings she kept buying (many of them still uncrated at the moment of her death), Goethe never had more than a modest townhouse in which to store his incredible collection of, for the most part, artistic bric-à-brac. Of the scores of Hellenistic and Roman busts, statuettes, and bronze figurines I saw as I walked over the beautifully polished floors of the upstairs "reception rooms," none, and particularly not the gigantic head of an angry, shouting goddess (which used to adorn the "Juno room"), struck me as being truly original or beautiful. The only notable exceptions were a magnificent collection of Italian Renaissance and post-Renaissance *faenza* plates and platters, featuring allegorical scenes from Greco-Roman mythology or Roman soldiers persecuting Christian martyrs, a beautiful Italian Renaissance cabinet complete with tiny wooden pillars and sculpted medallions, and two exquisite oval mirrors in Goethe's top-floor workroom.

Tastes differ, and my own are doubtless prejudiced. It is also unfair to discount the formidable problems confronting the embarrassed curators of Goethe's townhouse. But they might have done better had they tried to make this residence more resemble what it was actually like when it was inhabited by Goethe, his "commoner" wife Christiane Vulpius (whom he finally married in 1806), their son August, and later their grandchildren, rather than turn it into a museum for the display of some of the poet-collector's many acquisitions.

Better inspired have been the curators of Schiller's smaller but more charmingly furnished house, located at one corner of the former *esplanade*, renamed the Schillerstrasse in his honor. Having no embarrassment of riches to contend with, they wisely chose to fill the house with chairs, tables, beds, curtains, iron and terra-cotta stoves of different shapes and sizes, as well as an impressive battery of kitchen pots and pans, all roughly dating from the years—1799-1805—during which Schiller lived here. Access to this charming burgher house, with its green shutters and ochre-hued façade, is now made from behind, where a luminous glass and concrete annex has been built to provide visitors with a useful introduction to the circumstances of

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Schiller's life in Weimar. One of its most interesting exhibits is a framed copy of the patent of nobility that Emperor Francis II granted in November 1802 (four years before Napoleon abolished the Holy Roman Empire) to Johann Christoph *von* Schiller—the erstwhile commoner from Ludwigsburg whose first play, *Die Räuber* (*The Robbers*), had created an uproar 20 years before by exalting the triumphs and vicissitudes of a Robin Hood figure who dares to challenge the social injustices of his time. "In a smaller city such as Weimar," as Schiller candidly explained in a letter to his friend Christian Körner, "it is always an advantage to be excluded from nothing, for here this is felt as unpleasantly abhorrent, whereas in a big city one is not at all aware of it."

In July 1787, when Schiller turned up in Weimar in the hope of meeting Goethe, the restless poet-in-residence had left furtively for Italy—to the consternation of the possessive Charlotte von Stein, who avenged herself when the errant "lover" returned the next year by demanding the return of all her letters, which she proceeded to destroy. This was probably not as great a loss to world literature as the deliberate incineration of Byron's diary, but fortunately for posterity the "jilted" Charlotte refrained from burning the 17,000 letters that Goethe is said to have written to her.

The least that can be said, when the two bards finally met, is that Goethe treated the 28-year-old poet-dramatist almost as cavalierly as he had the outraged Frau von Stein, although he used his literary influence to have Schiller appointed professor of history at the nearby university town of Jena. The ten years of "exile" that followed proved singularly fruitful in one unexpected respect, giving rise to one of the most fascinating exchanges of letters devoted to serious questions of epic and lyric poetry (later filling six volumes) ever to have taken place between two literary giants. And it must be added that, when he returned in 1799 to Weimar (where Goethe was now directing the court theater), it was the younger genius, Schiller, who left the older genius far behind by completing seven plays—the *Wallenstein* trilogy, *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*—in the short space of a dozen years: a firework display of dramatic creativity that no German author since has come close to rivaling.

Today an heroic double statue of Weimar's two greatest adopted sons, mounted on a ten-foot-high pedestal, adds an aura of nobility to the dull, Doric-columned façade of the no-longer-ducal theater—which now proudly calls itself the Deutsches National Theater—on a square just beyond the limits of the *Innenstadt*. Schiller, who died too soon to see his dream come true, had predicted, "If we had a national theater, we would be a nation": words that were quoted when, in the turbulent month of January 1919, a group of parliamentary deputies gathered in this same theater to pronounce the death sentence on the Second Germanic Reich and to launch a new republic.

Before leaving Weimar, I went to admire the magnificent Bechstein grand piano in the humble gamekeeper's house where Europe's greatest virtuoso, Franz Liszt, spent the last summers of his life after having, as the *Hofkapellmeister*, made Weimar one of the musical centers of the continent during another "golden age" lasting from 1848 to 1861.

By the time I had climbed upstairs and down again to the tiny garden, my legs were beginning to buckle. Daunted by the prospect of trudging up the long Humboldtstrasse, I yielded to temptation and climbed into a taxi—one of half a dozen that now cater to the needs of Weimar's 60,000 inhabitants. During the drive up to the villa where a tragically demented Friedrich Nietzsche spent the final months of his life, I asked the cabman how he was making out and if he had many clients.

"Clients!" he scoffed. "Are you joking? What did they expect"—he meant the town authorities who had more or less pressed him into service—"when anyone who wants to come here can drive all the way to Weimar in his fancy Mercedes or BMW?"

The large square villa, with the words "NIETZSCHE ARCHIV" boldly inscribed over the front door, was every bit as ugly as the photographs I had seen of it. After their mother's death in April 1897, Nietzsche's strong-willed sister Elisabeth, who had long since abandoned their hometown of Naumburg (much too provincial for her "cosmopolitan" taste), forcibly moved her helpless brother, along with his library, precious notebooks, and thousands of letters, to this hillside villa.

Inside, I got a shock. I already knew that, for reasons of security and safekeeping, all of Nietzsche's papers had been removed to a massive stone building overlooking the gentle Ilm, a building which now also houses the manuscripts and sundry papers of Goethe and Schiller. What I did not know was that, two years after Nietzsche's death in 1900, his sister, who was already succumbing to a fatal *folie des grandeurs* as the "guardian" and "trustee" of the "great philosopher's" intellectual heritage, had decided to have the villa's interior entirely redone, with elegantly carved birch-wood paneling designed by the fashionable Belgian architect, Henri Van de Velde. With the exception of a huge green-porcelain stove, used to heat the downstairs living room, there was nothing in this villa to indicate what it had looked like during the short period of Nietzsche's last confinement.

"And his books?" I asked the receptionist, an attractive young girl who had only recently arrived from Dresden.

"His books?" she answered, with a helpless shrug. "Oh, they're now stored in the basement of the *Stadtschloss*."

The villa nevertheless was worth a visit—if only as a revelation of the supreme fatuity of Nietzsche's dreadful sister, compiler and concocter of *The Will to Power*, a book the philosopher never wrote but which the unscrupulous Elisabeth had published and presented to the world shortly after his death as his "masterwork." Prominently exhibited in the display room, next to the villa's entrance, was a framed copy of the congratulatory telegram that Frau Doktor h.c. (*honoris causa*) Förster-Nietzsche had sent to "*Sua Excellenza, il Presidente Benito Mussolini*" on the occasion of the Duce's 50th birthday in 1933. The telegram (translated from the German) began: "To the most splendid disciple of Zarathustra, of whom Nietzsche dreamed, the reawakener of genius of aristocratic values . . . "

To the left were three photographs taken on July 20, 1934, during a visit made to the Frau Doktor at Weimar by another of Zarathustra's "disciples"—an authentically Teutonic *Übermensch* named Adolf Hitler. If he had ever bothered to read *Thus Spake Zarathustra* with any care, this "superman" would have known that the one species Nietzsche more ferociously detested than the shallow journalist or the hypocritical pulpit preacher was that histrionic mountebank, the politician, slave and master of the "coldest of cold monsters," that "devilish artifice," that "horse of death, clanking in the finery of divine honors"—the modern, militaristic, impudently all-intrusive, "massifying" state.

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"All the News Unfit to Print"

Signs of the Times

Vol. 1 No. 3 March 1999

On day two of "Desert Fox" last December, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright declared that she was "gratified" by the "solid" support that the U.S. action against Iraq had received from statesmen around the globe, including those in the Arab world. Her counterpart at the British Foreign Office, Robin Cook, suggested that most Arab regimes supported the bombardment.

In subsequent days and weeks, the impression planted into the minds of educated and presumably well-informed Americans—*New York Times* readers, NPR listeners, and CNN watchers—was of a quietly supportive world letting the United States deal with Saddam as it deemed fit. In fact, a rising chorus of criticism of the American action--ranging from sorrow to anger, and transcending national and cultural boundaries--swept the world, but it was not deemed newsworthy in New York, Washington, or Atlanta.

In the Middle East, Palestinian youths had waved American flags for President Clinton two weeks before Christmas; a week later, they were burning them. In Egypt, during demonstrations at Cairo's al-Azhar mosque, the imam told his people that the Americans would be "struck by God's damnation." No less, perhaps, was to be expected from an Islamic cleric. But in Abu Dhabi, Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahyan, the ruler of the eminently "moderate" and "pro-Western" United Arab Emirates, described the bombing as a "terrible operation" which was "beyond comprehension and unacceptable."

Jordan, another leading moderate nation in the Arab world, has taken an even more critical line. The day after the first wave of air raids, the popular Amman daily *Al-Ray* described the United States and Britain as "warmongers." The pro-government *Al-Dustur*, which reflects the thinking of King Hussein, denounced America's "bullying" of Iraq, which it contrasted with Washington's "subservience" toward Israel.

Syria, never much of a friend to Saddam, joined the chorus. *Tishrin* (December 18) accused the United States of bypassing the U.N. Security Council,

> ignoring international legitimacy and practicing the law of the jungle in the same way that Israel is doing, in violation of international principles and charters.

On the same day, another Damascus daily, *Al-Thawrah*, called the attacks an act of "premeditated aggression" that created a "dangerous precedent." Abdul-Kader Qaddoura, speaker of the Syrian parliament, stated: "We condemn and denounce this attack and call on the international community to halt it."

In Qatar, the only Persian Gulf state to establish full diplomatic relations with Israel, the daily newspaper *Asharq* said that American missiles were

> targeting unarmed Iraqi civilians, showing that human conscience is dead. The missiles, loaded with hatred, are ruthlessly bringing death and devastation to an Arab nation.

On December 19, the London-based *Al-Hayah*, a Saudi-owned publication, presented a spectrum of condemnatory comments, including that of the Egyptian "Jihad Movement-Islamic Vanguards of Conquest" which vowed that U.S. "crimes" would not go unpunished. The paper noted that even the Iraqi opposition condemned the air strikes as "brutal aggression motivated by Zionist grudges."

Another London-based newspaper, *Al Quds Al-Arabi*, declared that Arab nations should be "embarrassed" by their "comparatively weak" response to the strikes, compared to Russia's withdrawal of its ambassadors in London and Washington. The editorial page carried a scathing attack on the chief U.N. inspector, Richard Butler, under the headline, "Butler should face trial, not just resign."

The Arabs were not the only ones to criticize Butler for fine-tuning his reports to fit the political needs of the Clinton administration. Scott Ritter, a high-profile member of the U.N. inspections team until he resigned in August, accused the United States of having maneuvered Butler into providing a pretext for the bombing campaign. As he told BBC radio on December 23,

> I believe that this inspection was rushed through, and the sites weren't chosen for disarmament reasons, but rather to be provocative in nature so Iraq would respond in a predictable fashion. That response would be used as a justification for military action.

Much closer to home, an op-ed in the *Toronto Sun* (December 18) stated that Clinton had squandered a rare green light from Russia, China, France, and most of the Arab world to launch air strikes against Iraq in early November. That opportunity, however, was no longer available in December:

> When Clinton suddenly conducted Tomahawk cruise missile diplomacy against Saddam Hussein in the wee hours of Thursday morning, that carefully crafted international consensus crumbled. The president now finds himself at odds with almost the entire international community.

The same paper, on the same day, carried an editorial that aptly summarized the tone of a hundred others all over the Western world:

> If Iraq has weapons of mass destruction, then this limited aerial attack will not eliminate them, just as the far more intensive bombing during the Gulf war did not eliminate them. Nor will it topple Saddam Hussein or end

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> the suffering of the Iraqis, which Clinton absurdly boasts are his goals. . . . In another time, under a different president, we might have supported such an effort. But at *this* time, under *this* president, this liar, philanderer and draft-dodger? Please.

On December 24, the restrained voice of the Canadian establishment, the *Globe and Mail*, took the country's prime minister to task for supporting the air strikes:

> It was startling to see Prime Minister Jean Chrétien hop on board so quickly—one of the first, and the few, world leaders to support the use of force.

M. Chrétien's problems were minor, however, compared to those faced by Clinton's closest ally in the latest Baghdad episode. According to the *Independent* of London (December 22), even before the raids were called off, Tony Blair was under fire from all sides for supporting Clinton without a clear set of objectives to be achieved by the bombing:

> The "success" claimed by Mr. Blair when he announced the ending of the bombing was turning into a public relations fiasco as RAF pilots, a Labour peer, and the Tories criticised the campaign.

On December 20, the BBC's defense correspondent, Jonathan Marcus, reported that, contrary to the claims from the White House and 10 Downing Street,

> Desert Fox has soured ties with Moscow, caused unease at the United Nations, and angered much of the Arab world. Iraq has already stated that it does not want to see UN weapons inspectors back. . . . President Clinton is left with little choice but to pursue the military containment of Iraq. . . . The Americans say that they intend to intensify their efforts to bolster the Iraqi opposition to Saddam Hussein. Many experts believe that this is an aspiration or hope, rather than a viable policy.

In an interview on BBC's Radio Five Live, Lord Healey, the former chancellor of the exchequer, argued that the diplomatic mission should have started before the bombing:

> What they have done is very dangerous to the Western position in the Middle East because it strengthens all the extremist groups who want to overthrow all the regimes which have been friendly to us. We are seen very much as Mr. Clinton's poodle.

The same sense of embarrassment pervaded a commentary by Rachel Sylvester in the *Independent* on December 20:

> There were no British forces involved in the first strikes against Iraq on Wednesday night—American cruise missiles were launched from US ships in the Persian Gulf. But it was Tony Blair, not Bill Clinton, who first went on television to announce that Saddam Hussein was under fire. . . . It was as if the American President, himself being showered with the missiles of potential impeachment, was giving the British Prime Minister a reward for his loyal and unswerving support. . . . During his Commons statement, [Blair] seemed strangely ambiguous about this role, one moment staring ahead in Churchill-like solemnity, the next stumbling over his words.

So much for our strongest ally in the proceedings. East of Calais, things only got worse. In the leading dailies in Paris, Athens, and Madrid, the link between the bombing and the impeachment proceedings was taken for granted. As a Bulgarian commentator asked in the Sofia daily *Duma* (December 19):

> Naturally, the missiles did not hit Saddam and did not decrease his dictatorial power. Every sane thinking person understands that in eight years, the Americans and their CIA could have removed Saddam any number of times.

On a lighter note, sometimes we need a foreign source to alert us to the noteworthy trends at home. On December 13, the *Sunday Times* of London breathlessly reported that "Hollywood celebrities and new age gurus" have become enamored of "an ancient Indian doctrine that promotes prolonged bouts of love-making." The erotic marathon advocated by Tantrism—an ancient branch of Hinduism and Buddhism that regards sex as a form of worship—may seem an unlikely pursuit for a society that prefers microwave dinners to the real, time-consuming thing. Yet, according to the British weekly, Tantrism

> is fast becoming one of the chief attractions in America's multi-billion-dollar self-improvement industry. Until recently, "Tantric sex" in the West had been the preserve of a few initiates, among them Hollywood celebrities flirting with Buddhism in their search for a mystical bond with the universe. A form of sexual yoga meant to encourage sexual awakening, Tantrism is now catering to a mass market as people shed their inhibitions and begin treating their sex lives like golf—as something to be worked on with the help of professionals.

And so, in yet another sign of the times, centers are springing up all over the United States, offering courses, seminars, and "sacred sex weekends."

> The doctrine has even entered the corporate realm with one guru claiming that his programme to improve the sex lives of executives is the best way of increasing their productivity. Among his tips is the transformation of the bed into a "sacred shrine" where "ecstatic music," incense and aromatic oils encourage erotic endurance.

It appears Bill Clinton was ahead of his time. And we thought he had simply been caught with his pants down.

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The Flight of the Lone Eagle

by Justin Raimondo

"There is a hawk that is picking the birds out of our sky.

She killed the pigeons of peace and security,

She has taken honesty and confidence from nations and men,

She is hunting the lonely heron of liberty."

—Robinson Jeffers, "Shiva"

Lindbergh
by A. Scott Berg
New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons;
628 pp., $30.00

The competition to be the first to traverse the Atlantic by air was fierce: At least three teams of aviators worked feverishly to claim the prize. The triumph of "Lucky Lindy" was due not to luck but to his insight that, as A. Scott Berg puts it, "success depended on simplicity—one set of wings, one engine, one pilot." Tangled up in complexities both technical and human, his rivals never made it off the ground. Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle, soared over them all.

By the time he took off on his historic flight in a little single-engine monoplane with a minimal dashboard, he had stripped his life to the barest essentials. Just as every bit of ballast had to be thrown overboard to ensure that the *Spirit of Saint Louis* would make it to Paris, so young Lindbergh, in order to reach that point, had reduced his life to a single element. Mere earthly pursuits never interested him; he lived and breathed aviation when the industry was in its infancy; his first aviation-related gig was as an unpaid assistant to barnstorming fliers, drumming up crowds big enough to sustain their aerial tour across the prairies. As the plane flew into town, Lindbergh stood on a wing. Possessed by the desire to buy a plane of his own, he was also exhilarated by the prospect of parachuting: After witnessing a flier fall off a wing 2,000 feet in the air, Lindbergh, Berg informs us, "decided that he had to experience that sensation." His mother and friends did their best to point out the obvious dangers, but after he made the jump, "life rose to a high level," as he later put it, "to a sort of exhilarated calmness." College had bored him; the earth could not hold him, and he decided early on "that if I could fly for ten years before I was killed in a crash, it would be a worthwhile trade for an ordinary lifetime."

Stephen Anderson

Lindbergh's life was so far from ordinary that the distance can only be measured in light-years. His celebrity was unprecedented in its scope and intensity, a fame which eventually reached the point of mass hysteria and threatened to imprison him, a phenomenon due only in part to the growth of mass communications. A secular saint idealized for his purity of purpose, he was venerated by millions not just for what he had done but for what he was: the first truly modern American hero.

From the moment he landed in Paris, on May 26, 1927, Lindbergh was confronted with what Berg describes as "a human tidal wave." "Before he had got the door of his plane open, the first great wave of humanity crashed over him." He was literally swept off his feet, the sheer power of the screaming mob "rendering him helpless as he floated over the sea of heads." He spent the rest of his life fleeing that mob, pursued by the media, hounded out of the country not only by the kidnapping and murder of his child but by the political climate in the United States that ushered in the New Deal.

In 1934, President Franklin D. Roo-

Justin Raimondo writes from San Francisco.

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sevelt suddenly declared that the contracts to carry the mail issued by the previous administration were null and void: The Army would deliver the mail. Six pilots died within a week of Roosevelt's edict, and eight planes were lost at a cost of over $300,000. Airmail service was halted, yet the President would not relent: He was determined to destroy the commercial airlines, and the fledgling aviation industry was thrown into chaos. Among the hardest hit was Transworld Airlines, whose most famous employee was mobilized to lead the counter-attack before a congressional committee. Lindbergh's appearance before the committee caused a sensation, earning him the enmity of the New Dealers, who accused him of "profiteering" and launched an investigation of his financial interest in the aviation industry. Forced by popular opinion to relent, the President's partisans never forgot nor forgave—and neither did Lindbergh.

The grotesquely tragic episode of his son's kidnapping and the subsequent trial of Bruno Hauptmann is best summarized in Berg's chapter title, "Circus Maximus." In order to prevent his life and that of his family from becoming a perpetual circus, Lindbergh was forced into exile. As he put it: "Between the politician, the tabloid press, and the criminal, a condition exists which is intolerable to us." Berg reports that Governor Hoffman of New Jersey was considering clemency for Hauptmann "for political gain"—but fails to tell us how any politician could hope to make political capital out of pardoning the perpetrator of the crime of the century. Berg's general ineptitude at providing historical context is a major flaw in a book otherwise filled to the brim with irrelevant details.

For instance, on page 48, in the midst of a long section about the Lone Eagle's youth, the United States is suddenly on the brink of war with the Kaiser, and old C.A. Lindbergh is denouncing the Money Trust—"his constant bugaboo"—on the floor of Congress. Airily dismissing C.A. as "a crank" who slid "into political ignominy," Berg goes on to point out that Lindbergh *pere*

> argued that it was not right to send poor farmboys off to war in Europe so that others might profit. "The trouble with war is that it kills off the best men a country has," C.A. used to say.

Some crank! C.A.'s complaint that "It is impossible according to the big press to be a true American unless you are pro-British" is a sentiment his son would come to appreciate 20 years later, as Berg notes. But if the father's critique was crankish, the views of his son—though not identical in every detail—were similar enough to qualify him for the same sort of ignominy. Yet Berg presents Lindbergh's crusade (on behalf of the America First Committee) to keep the United States out of World War II in a favorable light, a first for any Lindbergh biographer.

Lindbergh's wanderlust, a cause of much grief to his wife, was a source for him of the most profound joy: He crisscrossed continents the way other people crossed the street, his gaze fixed on the next great adventure. Yet the eagle built nests from Hawaii to Europe; he was constantly building houses and took great pleasure in their construction, directing, planning, making specifications down to the last detail. Of all his dwellings, his favorite was Illiec, on an island off the rocky coast of Brittany. Berg describes it as "the most stimulating confluence of earth, water, and sky Lindbergh had ever seen." The island was a towering granite rock rising out of the sea "like a boat in a storm," as Lindbergh wrote in his diary. Illiec clung to "this bizarre natural granite sculpture" like some shelled sea creature—a three-story manor house in the Breton style, made of stone with a slate roof. Complete with two conical towers and a chapel, both the structure and its setting strongly resemble the abode of a less famous but even more acerbic critic of U.S. intervention in World War II: Tor House, the stone towers on the Big Sur coast built by the poet Robinson Jeffers on a rock jutting high above that wild water. In his splendid isolation, Jeffers thundered against FDR

> And his paid mouths; and the radio-shouters, the writers, the world-planners, the heavy bishops,
> The England-lovers, the little poets and college professors,
> The seducers of boys,

who were dragging us down the road to war. Both Jeffers and Lindbergh were not only isolationists before the war, they were unrepentant after it. In 1944, Jeffers observed that

> We have now won two world-wars, neither of which concerned us, we were slipped in. We have levelled the powers
> Of Europe, that were the powers of the world, into rubble and dependence. We have won two wars and a third is coming.

Lindbergh agreed, reiterating years later that American entry into the war had simply paved the way for Stalin's conquest of half of Europe. For Lindbergh, the absorption of the European continent by the Asiatic Stalin was the real danger to be fought at all costs, but Jeffers' Olympian detachment reached even greater heights than Lindbergh's: The process was natural, inevitable, even beautiful in the sheer scale of the tragedy. Europe was "a whittled forepeak of profuse Asia, which presently will absorb it again," and in any case: "It is a foolish business to see the future and screech at it. / One should watch and not speak."

Yet Lindbergh could not remain silent. Unlike Jeffers the recluse, whose activism was limited to the poetic, Lindbergh was the classic man of action whose determination to preserve his privacy did not preclude taking to the hustings on behalf of a cause. Berg's account of the origin and development of the America First Committee, in which Lindbergh played a leading role, is exemplary: Instead of being treated to the usual maelstrom of malice, the AFC's critique of interventionism—that it would Sovietize half of Europe and all of America—is soberly presented. *Lindbergh* is cause for celebration, if only because a work presenting a fairly detailed account of the history of the Old Right, refuting decades of ill-informed propaganda and smears, has rocketed to the top of the bestseller lists. Berg even breaks new ground by citing a secret FBI report on America First that noted a "tremendous Jewish group" funneling money to the movement via the Guggenheim Foundation.

On the subject of Lindbergh's infamous Des Moines speech, Berg is sympathetic but still mindful that certain assumptions cannot be challenged. Lindbergh asked, "Who Are the War Agitators?" and his answer was simple, direct, and incontrovertible:

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> The three most important groups who have been pressing this country toward war are the British, the Jewish, and the Roosevelt Administration. Behind these groups, but of lesser importance, are a number of capitalists, anglophiles, and intellectuals, who believe that their future, and the future of mankind, depend upon the domination of the British Empire. Add to these the Communistic groups who were opposed to intervention until a few weeks ago, and I believe I have named the major war agitators in this country.

This simple truism, easily demonstrable both then and now, caused such a storm of outrage that its echoes reverberate even today.

To most Americans, the memory of "Lucky Lindy" is associated with the heroic history of aviation and somehow bound up with the concept of heroism itself. To the opinion-making elites, however, the memory of Lindbergh evokes images of an American Quisling who accepted a medal from Goering and openly incited antisemitism. While effectively demolishing the smear about the medal—it was a surprise to Lindbergh as well as to the U.S. officials who accompanied him on his intelligence mission to Germany—Berg is careful not to challenge too much. While acknowledging that Lindbergh "had bent over backward in being kind about the Jews," Berg argues that

> in suggesting the American Jews were "other" people and that their interests were "not American," he implied exclusion, thus undermining the very foundations of the United States.

No one questions that we harbor within our borders a wide variety of ethnic groups whose loyalty to the "old country" is organized and effective in shaping U.S. foreign policy. Greek-Americans, Armenian-Americans, Turkish-Americans, hyphenates of every description make their case in the corridors of power. Are Jewish-Americans any different? If so, this would distinguish them for their (self-)exclusion from the oldest game in Washington. If not, Lindbergh reasoned, then why not name them?

Lindbergh stood like a rock against the wave of vituperation that crested and crashed down upon his head: The issue raised in his speech was a valid one, he maintained, and the choice was

> whether or not you are going to let your country go into a completely disastrous war for lack of courage to name the groups leading that country to war—at the risk of being called "anti-Semitic" simply by *naming* them.

Berg does not, however, mention the one legitimate criticism of the Des Moines speech, made by John T. Flynn. In a letter to Lindbergh, the intrepid organizer of America First and leader of the New York chapter confessed his "utter distress": Flynn was certain that Lindbergh was "as completely without anti-Semitism as I am," but he pointed out that "shadings of meaning" are lost in battles such as these. While Flynn had been struggling against overwhelming odds to deflect the intrigues of both organized antisemites and British intelligence to smear the AFC with the Nazi brush, Lindbergh had been "tagged with the anti-Jewish label." Flynn agreed with Lindbergh that Jewish leaders had been in the forefront of the war agitation and smeared their opponents as antisemites. "It has seemed," he wrote,

> that their responsibility for this should be brought home to them. But this is a far different matter from going out upon the public platform and denouncing "the Jews" as the warmakers. No man can do that without incurring the guilt of religious and racial intolerance.

Flynn was right: The smear campaign accelerated and popular sentiment turned against Lindbergh and the AFC. After Pearl Harbor, Lindbergh withdrew from public life. Insulated by his wealth and fame from the worst effects of the anti-isolationist witch-hunt, the sedition trials, the economic persecution, and the outright suppression that felled other America Firsters such as Flynn and Jeffers, he was nonetheless frustrated by the Roosevelt administration's refusal to let him serve during the war. FDR is said to have remarked: "I'll clip that young man's wings." But not for long: Lindbergh was soon flying bombing missions in the South Pacific. Berg credits him with increasing the radius of American bombers and turning the tide decisively against the Japanese.

A. Scott Berg has rescued Lindbergh from the smear artists who muddied his name and restored an American hero to his rightful place in the pantheon of notables. In spite of the flaws his book contains, that is an achievement for which we should be grateful. ©

Lindbergh

"In that moment, when Lindbergh lost all contact with earth and climbed above the fog to ten thousand feet, he was also ascending in the public consciousness to Olympian heights. His success would reflect well on the entire human race, placing him in the unique position of overshadowing every other living hero. . . . On May 20, 1927—as night fell—modern man realized nobody had ever subjected himself to so extreme a test of human courage and capability as Lindbergh. Not even Christopher Columbus sailed alone.

". . . . It would be almost three decades before Lindbergh would discuss it publicly, but after almost twenty-four hours of his ordeal—at around five o'clock in the morning by his clock—the fuselage behind him filled with phantoms—'vaguely outlined forms, transparent, moving, riding weightless with me in the plane.' He later recorded that these ghosts were benign, vaporous presences. They permeated the fabric walls of the plane, coming and going at will. With human voices they spoke to him above the noise of the engine, advising him on his flight and giving him 'messages of importance unattainable in ordinary life.' They were human in shape but devoid of real form. With years of hindsight, Lindbergh would grant that these visions would normally have startled him; 'but on this fantastic flight,' he would recall of the close encounter, 'I'm so far separated from the earthly life that I know that I accept whatever circumstances may come.'"

—A. *Scott Berg*

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Mauve Gloves & Stoics, Thackeray, Wolfe

by Andrei Navrozov

"The only reward to be expected from the cultivation of literature is contempt if one fails and hatred if one succeeds."

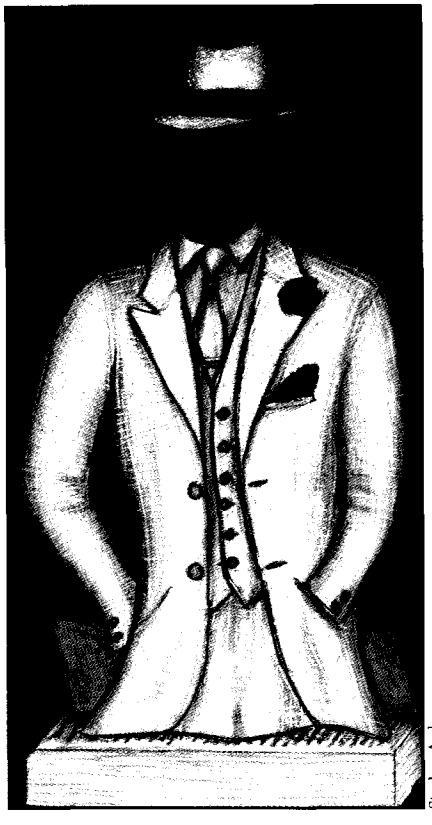
—Voltaire

A Man in Full
by Tom Wolfe
New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux;
742 pp., $28.00

◆

When Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities* came out in England more than a decade ago, I reviewed it in the *Times* with that special elation obscure Soviet dissidents once reserved for their brethren mentioned by name at disarmament conferences and peace summits. Here, after all, was one of our own, yet so famous he was now safe. Here was a sartorial rebel, an avowed syntactic guerrilla, a wolf in wolf's clothing, an insouciant raconteur who not only did not give a damn about the half-truths of the moment, he dared to expose the half-lies. Here was a bad boy with his finger in the dyke, a devil-may-care moralist holding back a universal flood of immoral banality. Here was a stain of purity on the covers of whorish magazines, spitting sardonic paradoxes in the face of a reading public that their editors did their best to corrupt. Later, of course, some of those famous dissidents turned out to have been KGB stooges, but that is not the point. At least I don't think it is.

Not only was *The Bonfire of the Vanities* a splendid novel which had slipped through the *cordon sanitaire* of the American press to spread its moral contagion, it was a novel *about* the American press. Or, to put it more accurately, about the life and fate of the individual in a political and cultural environment where all mechanisms of redress, and all cultural trappings, are travesties, while the power



Stephen Anderson

of the press is as real as that of a monarch under absolutism. This was what I said in my *Times* review, at any rate, without wasting valuable column inches on whether the author was a new Thackeray or Tolstoy. A few days later, an exquisitely calligraphic letter arrived from Wolfe, then in London on a promotional tour, agreeing with me that this was, indeed, what his novel was all about.

The one essential observation that made my reading convincing and, as it later turned out, conclusive, is that every single character in Wolfe's "novel of New York" is a hypocrite. From my Moscow childhood, I exhume the image of those huge round presentation boxes of assorted chocolates, each a different shape and each wrapped in a different color of foil. No matter which shape or color you chose, they all tasted like soya. This Orwellian image is both memorable and plausible, because of course all the chocolates used to come from the same candy factory, which, like every other candy factory in Russia at the time, operated under the same set of commercial and social—that is to say, political and cultural—rules, circumstances, or conditions.

It would have been wholly implausible if the dramatic conflict of Wolfe's novel had centered on what one might call the plight of an honest man, just as some ecstatic reminiscence of the one piece of candy that did on occasion subvert the uniformity of those boxes—a chocolate bottle filled with Cuban rum, as I recall—would only lead the reader away from the one point worth making on the subject of Soviet confectionary and the soya sameness of life under totalitarianism. No, *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was all tarantulas in a bottle. Given the absolutist pressure of the press on its characters—from Yale to grave and from adolescence to Wall Street, reaching into every crevice of private morality and intellectual makeup, limited by nothing save its own corporate interest—where would that "honest man" have come from? Unlike its 19th-century, pre-totalitarian counterpart, living literature in this century is not written as a story of exceptions.

Nor did the cosmic hypocrisy at the core of the novel's microcosm ever work to diminish the human complexity of Wolfe's characters. Why would it? When one is describing Sodom, it stands to reason that everyone there should be portrayed as some kind of catamite.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

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Thus everybody in Brunei is rich. The native inhabitants of Nigeria are all black. Every man in Israel can handle an automatic weapon. Surely their objective sameness in these important respects need not result in cardboard flatness, predictable development, or social stereotyping. Well, everybody in New York is a hypocrite, and Wolfe was artist enough to say this in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* through characters who were at once plausible and memorable.

Tragically for Wolfe's talent for dissent and his reputation as a writer, his new and long-awaited novel, *A Man in Full*, is about an "honest man." It is as though, for the past 12 years, some invisible critical apparatus, a pneumatic drill deep in the bowels of Condé Nast, has been droning into his ear about Thackeray and Tolstoy; about the perils of literary cartooning; about large—perhaps even monumental but certainly many-dimensional or polyvalent—unpredictable, internally contradictory, lifelike, soulful characters who ought to populate his next masterpiece. And, as though grown deaf in that one ear, this St. George of New York with perfect pitch for a lance has produced a work which only half-belongs to a time, a place, or a people.

Back to the 19th century, folks. Less archetype, more soul. Humanity. Decency. Honor. Virtue. Ideals. Such is the author's new stomping ground in *A Man in Full*. Suffice it to say that a good third of the novel is taken up by the conversion of the "honest man"—a working-class youth named Conrad Hensley when we first meet him—to the philosophy of Epictetus, "drawn," according to the author's acknowledgment on the flyleaf, "from *The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers*, edited by Whitney J. Oates (1940)." I am not turning up my nose at this bibliographic confession out of sheer uncontrollable snobbery, as in fact an edition of a book with that title does play an important part in the story of the working-class Ganymede, wrongly imprisoned in Santa Rita with only Zeus to summon for consolation. I am citing it because it reveals the extent to which Wolfe's critical intelligence has been clogged by the selfsame stuff he has garnered such acclaim for ridiculing, namely, culture. And by "culture," apart from your average great American novelist's absurd longing to write like Thackeray or Tolstoy, is meant the inert, downy, static lint of old-world names, deities, and attitudes that is worse than any Harlequin Romance rubbish, particularly when it is allowed—straightforwardly, reverently, and at times triumphantly, as it is here—to cling to the plot of a novel set in Atlanta, Georgia, in the 1990's.

Anyway, why Atlanta? Because it is diverse, complex, and unpredictable, that's why, which is another way of saying that the author knows as little about Atlanta as I do. Because, in the mind of any amateur novelist aspiring to culture and haunted by the literary greats of the last century, Atlanta would be as good a place to discover Epictetus as any. I have never doubted that Tom Wolfe knows his New York, his Manhattan, or his Hamptons, because he has always shown by his writing that there is only one thing about that microcosm that matters. The thing may be vast, complicated, often confusing, leading as it does to a thousand other things, but it is as "immovably centered"—to quote Goethe's definition of genius—in time, place, and circumstance as Disney World is in the cartoonist's whimsy, or Israel in a perpetual state of war.

Atlanta, by contrast, is to Wolfe a house of many mansions, a veritable sesame of conjecture where no miracle is too far-fetched, no social juxtaposition too crude, no political insight too superficial or elastic. Here, at last, he has a free hand to imagine and describe whatever the hell he wants, so long as it sounds like Thackeray or Tolstoy. Here, he no longer has to paint from nature, constrained by the knowledge and observation of half a century, and can simply let his imagination soar with the zigs and zags of an insufferable plot that culminates in a kind of Zeus-*ex-machina* apocalypse, an earthquake in the San Francisco Bay area that destroys the jail where the anguished hero prays to his highfalutin god. All of this is so preposterous and badly executed that even a veteran admirer like myself can only conclude that the author of *A Man in Full* is just a few gray hairs short of a mid-life crisis, in the usual sense of weakened critical sensibility plus a whole lot of advice from the wrong people. Reading it is a little like watching Woody Allen in the role of Hamlet.

Not all of the book is foolish, pretentious, or shoddy in the same measure, however. The chapters on the inner workings of PlannersBanc, squeezing the life out of the novel's deuteragonist and other acolyte of Zeus, real-estate developer Charlie Croker, are fine and funny in the good old *Bonfire of the Vanities* way. In part, this is so because here Wolfe deploys generic corporate situations, such as the bankruptcy workout session with Croker in the bank's boardroom, which belong as easily to New York as to Atlanta, without pausing to think whether or not he is writing on the level to which he ought to become accustomed, that of a classic. In fact, almost everything in the book that can be imagined happening in Manhattan bears the familiar hallmarks of Wolfe the dissident and Wolfe the intellectual thug, in contrast to Wolfe the culture stooge and Wolfe the classic. Consider the following contretemps, where some of Croker's fair-weather friends and would-be clients have just been watching the insemination of a mare by a prize stallion in the care of Croker's stud manager, Johnny:

> "Looked great, Johnny," said Charlie. "You guys did a great job."
> But his mind was still spinning with Herb Richman, Herb Richman, Herb Richman . . . Then he got an idea. Liberal, liberal. He wouldn't treat Johnny, the conductor of the show, like a hired hand. He'd introduce him. Equality, equality. Liberal, Jewish.
> "Johnny," he said, "I want you to meet one of our guests . . . Hebe Richman."
> *What had he just said!* A scalding feeling swept over his brain.
> "I mean *Herb* Richman! Godalmighty, Herb, I must be losing my grip, I guess—" He lifted his hands helplessly. "*Herb* Richman, Johnny!" He looked about. *Everyone* had heard him. "Jesus, Herb, that must be my Alzheimer's flaring up!" And why had he said "Jesus"?

I have just counted, and I make it that the above passage contains 120 words. Despite everything deprecatory I have had to say in this review against Wolfe's new novel, any writer who can draw a situation so cosmically hilarious and convincing on a single leaf from a lined notepad is not so stone-deaf that he cannot make a comeback. Besides, as they probably say in Atlanta, better a wolf with jus' one good ear than all 'em ole hawgs wi' two.

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Nolite Confidere in Principibus

by William J. Watkins, Jr.

There's More to Life Than Politics
by William Murchison
Dallas: Spence Publishing Company;
279 pp., $22.95

◆

Politics obsess Americans. Everything from a child's education to medical care for the aged is now a political question—indeed, a national political question. Once upon a time, families chose how to educate their children and care for elderly parents, but in modern America this freedom is fast becoming *passé*.

Trapped in the ephemeral world of the political, we often need a reminder of the ethereal. Enter William Murchison and his new book, *There's More to Life Than Politics*. In this medley of columns, Murchison delights and instructs as he explores the vexatious issues of our day. Describing himself as a "recovering political junkie," Murchison leads the reader in a discussion of the limits of politics.

Though cheering the waning of totalitarianism abroad since the fall of the Berlin Wall, Murchison laments that "state power in our own country rocks and rattles forward like a freight train." Unfortunately, Americans believe the state can do all. The recent debate over the national Ponzi scheme of Social Security is an excellent example. Rather than call for the abolition of the entire system, the reformers and the progeny of the New Dealers both agreed that government-financed retirement should be saved. The political combatants merely disagreed as to the means for preserving the state's role.

Not one easily fooled, Murchison recognizes that, as Americans have abandoned religious teachings of the past, we have redirected our energies to the altar of the state. According to Murchison, a Christian nation would view the birth of Jesus Christ as

> a rebuke to the pretensions of all those princes and princelings we are bidden not to trust overmuch. Who are they, these petty potentates with large titles, against the Son of God?

Nowadays, not only do we trust our elected potentates to cure what ails us, but we believe their sordid trailer-park morals can be separated from the tasks of governance.

But the blame for the state of American religiosity cannot be pinned solely on the political creatures who prefer the sofa and the Sunday morning talk shows to the pew and the sermon. Murchison correctly concludes that "religion is in flux, thanks to the official teachers of religion, many of them questing spirits who can't believe truths can be true for more than twenty years at a stretch." Hence, we have such obscene spectacles as the ordination of homosexuals and the use of the pulpit as a glorified political soapbox. Were it not for the singing, Murchison reminds us, modern worship services could easily be confused with a Planned Parenthood rally.

Such antics in the pulpit cause one to ask just who is in charge. Clearly, modern man prefers to think he, rather than an omnipotent creator, is running the show. In light of scientific advances such as cloning, the question becomes all the more pressing. Murchison remembers a time when we knew our place in the chain of being and

> our fathers found lessons in the Bible, and in history. Neither consolation appeals profoundly to moderns, who, with their computers and power plants and government agencies, know both more and less than the old folks did.

And so what is Murchison's prescription for our maladies? The author offers no grand plans or schemes. He simply reminds us that there's more to life than politics. He causes us to recollect that the main business of mankind should be conducted in the twin settings of family and religion, where we "honor (or, alternatively, reject) historic teachings as to what life is for, how a man or a woman should live, what principles guide our footsteps, where our primary allegiances lie." As for the author, his allegiances plainly lie with the angels, rather than the apes who reject the notions of limits. In an age of planners and pedantry, Murchison's gentle reminders are refreshing and highly recommended.

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Kreisleriana

by J.O. Tate

Fritz Kreisler: Love's Sorrow, Love's Joy
by Amy Biancolli
Portland: Amadeus Press;
453 pp., $34.95

◆

Walking out of Maxim Vengerov's recent recital at Avery Fisher Hall, I thought of the intermission more as a remission. At a bar in Penn Station a few minutes later, where I heard some Junior Wells on the sound system, the playing (if not the music) was better than anything that the violinist had given. Apparently, for all of his posturing, Maxim just could not get the lead out of his Vengerov. Fritz Kreisler came to mind, as to many he often does. There are quite a few people around who still remember him in performance over 50 years ago, and many more who know him from recordings made as long ago as 1904.

For people like those and for others, I hope, Amy Biancolli's new biography is just the thing. Her rethinking of Kreisler's career is the first extended treatment it has received since Louis Lochner's *Fritz Kreisler* of 1950. Biancolli has not written a straightforward biography like Lochner's, but rather an analytical engagement with a man, a personality, and a style. She was right to do so, and right again to see Kreisler as a "problem" to us, musically as well as culturally.

Fritz Kreisler (1875-1962) is a challenge because he represents the old

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world from before World War I, and even before the turn of the century. His upbringing in Vienna marked him for life, and something of Viennese grace always stamped his playing as well as him. As a child, Kreisler knew Herr Doktor Freud, who dropped over for chamber music sessions at home. He studied with Anton Bruckner and consulted with Johannes Brahms. Kreisler came to embody the myth of Old Vienna as much as any modern artist did, with the possible exception of Richard Tauber. Biancolli has taken on Kreisler's cultural background, the context of violin playing in his youth, and the continuous vibrato that was his distinctive contribution to technique. She has attacked boldly and with humor the idiosyncrasies of Kreisler's personality—his laziness and his weaknesses, his marriage for over 60 years to a woman few could abide, his outrageous tall tales, and his "politics." Kreisler, as a good Austrian, served in the Great War, and was later reviled for it in America. He lived in Berlin from 1924 until 1939 and denied his Jewish background all his life, so imbued was he with the Viennese image that informed the self he had assimilated. But after World War II, he never went back to Europe.

Biancolli implies that the "Kreisler problem" is bigger than all this; that it is, actually, a musical problem. Her analysis of Jascha Heifetz's approach to the instrument and to music, in great contrast to Kreisler's, is a bold one, suggesting, as I understand it, that the lack is on the side of reductive modernism. Heifetz blew away the *Gemütlichkeit* from the violin repertoire; he was the enemy of all indulgence. Kreisler admired Heifetz's mastery, but he probably liked Milstein and Francescatti considerably more. His favorite of the younger players was Oistrakh, of whom he declared, "He does not play too fast. This is very unusual today. We are living in the time of money, and power, and violence, and, above all, speed." In this statement, we see how musical issues are related to broader cultural and political ones as matters of style and value. We can also see that Kreisler thought that the younger generation was on the wrong side, and we cannot say that things have gotten any better since then.

World War I, industrialism, modernism: They killed Kreisler's values, but there was a cultural lag. His sentimental compositions still pleased those who remembered them: *Liebesleid*, *Liebesfreud*, *Schön Rosemarin*, *Caprice Viennois*, and all the rest. And what a touch he had in playing them! Kreisler was a hero, a pop idol, in the 1930's, yet Biancolli indicates that she has written about Kreisler because today he is in danger of being forgotten. In doing so, she has accomplished much to prevent such a loss of memory and of musical standards. For that, as for quoting Oscar Shumsky's judgment ("I think Heifetz was a destructive influence in a very great sense") and suggesting that a return to the romantic mysticism of Kreisler is long overdue, she is much to be commended.

Appended to Biancolli's biography is a scholarly discography by Eric Wen. Kreisler's recorded output is mostly available today on compact discs produced by EMI, BMG, Pearl, and Biddulph. Needless to say, Kreisler's own performances of his encore pieces are nonpareil. But perhaps it *does* need saying that his performances of standard repertoire are far from being obsolete, in spite of the steady march of technology, technique, and duplication. Kreisler's first recordings of the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Brahms *concerti* remain as fascinating today as they were when he made them in Berlin in 1926-27. If you think—not unreasonably—that his miniaturism, *rubati*, *portamenti*, and regressive fiddling tendencies rendered him *hors de combat* in such pieces, you will nevertheless be impressed and even charmed by Kreisler's warm lyricism, relaxed approach, and colorful point-making. To know the possibilities of those greatest of violin *concerti*, listening to Kreisler is mandatory.

Kreisler's Beethoven sonatas are also indispensable, as are the three sonatas he recorded with Sergei Rachmaninoff. Such playing set a standard not only for the violin but for communication itself. Born of change and technology, yesterday's latest thing is today's quaint souvenir, yet it is more than that. Kreisler may have been sentimental, but he was human and a humanist. As we proceed in a technological nightmare of which he was a part, Kreisler will be remembered as a man as well an instrumentalist—as an image of the projection of refined emotion. He made the violin the vehicle of a unique fusion of feeling and thought. As much as any performing artist in the 20th century, he put the musical statement (whether popular or exalted) together, dramatized it, projected so it could be apprehended, and personified it. He stands as a reproach today to a dehumanized world, and to music without soul.

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Filling a God-size Hole

by George McCartney

Heavy Water and Other Stories
by Martin Amis
New York: Harmony Books;
208 pp., $21.00

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During a BBC interview in 1984, Martin Amis (son of Kingsley) casually mentioned that he wished he could believe in God. "Do you really mean that?" his chat host asked, tossing his well-coifed locks in a show of secular amazement. With a sigh, Amis explained himself. Without belief, what was there after all? One day's pretty much the same as the last, isn't it? You work, you drink, you talk with friends, and, sooner or later, it ends badly.

As an evocation of life without faith, this was admirably spare. No angst. No pining for Godot. Just a testament to the flat boredom that can overtake us without faith in a purpose larger than our own puny aspirations. In spite of their well-known disagreements on other matters (Kingsley turned rightward after making his pile, while Martin remains a good deal left of center), the younger Amis seems to stand forlornly shoulder to shoulder with his father in matters theological. In 1990, he told *Rolling Stone* he felt a "God-size hole" in his life. He wished it could be filled, but he concluded, God is "not available anymore."

You would not expect someone as seemingly *au courant* as Amis to admit to such nostalgia for absolutes. That he does makes him, I think, far more interesting than many other novelists of his generation. Like his father, his struggle with nihilism has made him a devotee of the cankered muse of satire. He is only too happy to find the world a sty of unremitting hustling and selfishness, buf-

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foonery and delusion. Like Swift and Waugh, he takes ferocious delight in displaying people at their ugliest, their most swinish, their most feckless.

Amis likes to take us inside his narratives and show us how he works his tricks. It's the postmodern thing, but with none of the solemn self-importance American practitioners flaunt. Amis sacrifices verisimilitude for a legitimate purpose: Doing so enables him to keep his distance from his disturbing subject matter. This leaves him room for the poise and wit necessary to delineate a metaphysically repellent world without succumbing to its cynicism. Things may be bloody awful, but that's no excuse for losing your sense of humor. Or your hope, which, in the final analysis, may be the same thing.

This strategy is on exhibit once again in *Heavy Water,* a collection of stories which includes seven previously published works and two new ones. These narratives frequently resemble tightrope walks over an abyss. Like a seasoned showman, Amis rises superbly to the technical challenges of each feat, all the while making sure we do not lose sight of the awful emptiness that lurks beneath his performance.

In "Straight Fiction," he turns human relations inside out. We find ourselves in a world in which homosexuality is the norm. People shrink from the spectacle of pregnancy as if it were a disease worse than AIDS. They are alarmed to learn that San Francisco has become "the straight capital of the world," where "breeders" have the audacity to hold Straight Freedom Day parades. Against this background, Cleve, the gentle and tolerant gay protagonist, undergoes an identity crisis. He meets a pregnant woman in a Greenwich Village coffee shop and finds her unaccountably fascinating. His friends begin to worry about him. Whenever they can take a break from their relentless bed-swapping and anonymous alleyway assignations, they warn him against his perverted interest in a breeder. At first, the story seems to be a lesson in tolerance, a what-if-the-tables-were-turned sketch. But the politically correct will not be reassured by its depiction of gay culture regnant. Certainly not in this scene: Postcoital homosexuals watch television to relax after their exertions, only to be deeply offended and thoroughly sickened by film footage run in "queasy propaganda slo-mo" showing "women and young children at play" on "a green hillside."

But Amis is an equal-opportunity basher, and the hetero male gets his in "Let Me Count the Times." Here, Amis ridicules the contemporary obsession with rating, measuring, and quantifying sex. Vernon, an otherwise conventional and happily married businessman, decides one day to keep score. He finds that, on average, he makes love to his wife "three and a half times a week." Then, refining his study, he tallies what might be delicately designated their Clinton variations. For him, it is "every fourth coupling, on average, or 45.625 times a year, or .8774038 times a week." Her average turns out to be "60.8333 times a year, or 1.1698717 times a week." Then, on a rare business trip away from home, he decides he cannot compromise his averages. Although there are women in the hotel bar, he does not want to cheat. Instead, he repairs to his room and resorts to something he has not done in years. In no time at all, he becomes a champion of what used to be called self-abuse. Soon he is "averaging 3.4 times a day, or 23.8 times a week, or an insane 1241 times a year." But, as his orgasms multiply, he is puzzled that his relations with his wife are declining drastically. He is forced to turn to images. Too refined for real pornography, he at first finds sufficient provocation among the photos in his wife's fashion magazines. Later, with quality his watchword, he progresses to the great heroines of literature. "After quick flings with Emily, Griselda, and Criseyde," he goes on to have a "strapping weekend with the Good Wife of Bath." Then, in a fit of erotic delirium, he very nearly takes the next logical step. "Confusedly and very briefly he consider[s] running away with himself." The end of obsessive sex, it seems, is what we see so much of today: a loony, loveless narcissism.

In "The State of England," Amis visits one of his favorite milieus: the environs of the semi-criminal, partially employed, and remarkably well-heeled underclass. We meet Big Mal, an aging part-time bouncer and full-time thug, dutifully attending parents' day at his son's school, "a smart one, or at least an expensive one." Mal is nothing if not upwardly mobile. He has been told that all the old barriers have been knocked flat:

> Class and race and gender were supposedly gone. Right thinkers everywhere were claiming that they were clean of prejudice, that in them the inherited formulations had at last been purged.

But he has doubts, and why wouldn't he? He is a man marked by class, as the story makes literally and painfully clear. It is visible in the wound he received the night before. Although he keeps a cell phone clapped to his ear, his technologically certified affluence cannot disguise the hideous, underclass gash throbbing along his jaw—a souvenir from a scuffle with some opera-goers who caught him tampering with their luxury cars and beat him silly with a pipe wrench. Long live class warfare!

In the collection's most playful story, "The Janitor on Mars," Amis puts his cards on the table. In this extravagant science fiction parody, a foul-mouthed robot janitor left behind by a long extinct Martian civilization cleans up some cosmic loose ends for the benighted denizens of the third planet. He first makes it clear how contemptibly low our species ranks in the fiercely monitored hierarchy that prevails among the numerous civilizations inhabiting the "Ultraverse." While Martians were "up and running" 3.4 billion years ago, life on earth was "still a bubble of fart gas. Goop. Macrobiotic yoghurt left out in the sun." Finally, however, he concedes that humans have one distinction, and a charming one at that. All other life forms in the Ultraverse are driven to achieve the same goal: "the superimposition of the will." On this front, humans are at least somewhat different. "Your science and politics were . . . brutally depressed in order to foreground your art." However retrograde, the janitor finds this almost touching. We have the ability to surrender our will to dominate in order to contemplate disinterestedly the design of existence.

For Amis, art is clearly the avenue to redemption. It is the one pursuit in which we can step aside from personal and ideological interest. It encourages a selfless contemplation of reality as mediated through aesthetic design. Could it be that it might also fill that God-size hole that troubles him? If art can unearth design in the rancid clay of existence, can intimations of a Designer be far behind?

George McCartney teaches English at St. John's University.

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Letter From England

by Michael Stenton

Thoroughly Modern Monarchy

◆

The pace of cultural redefinition in Britain is steady and strong. Since the day in 1991 when Prime Minister John Major refused to veto the Maastricht treaty, a new picture has emerged. To put it crudely, the Tories and the monarchy are looking unprecedentedly vulnerable. The only good argument for their continued survival is that they have been so strong for so long that a difficult period should be seen as normal, not terminal.

Perhaps so, but there is a new mood. The general election landslide for the Labour Party was an explosion of distaste—a grand alliance of resentments—much broader than the narrow issue of who governs. The anti-Tory fury has not relented yet, but the monarchy and the Act of Union stand not much higher in public affection. There is little doctrinaire opposition to the monarchy, but the public mood is highly susceptible. We are still going through a moment when the country looks round to be told how to modernize itself. Mr. Blair and the Queen can do what they want with the constitution.

Mr. Blair is not proving very strong on ideas. Whether he is professionally hyper-cautious or just conventionally empty-headed, the effect is the same. He is a second-order personality who expects to be told what is going on. But once he senses an instruction, there is the chance he will do something. The Queen is a conservative but not a reactionary, and her advisors were badly shaken by the malice of the mob at the time of Diana's funeral. The Palace, too, wants to be told what to do. The royal family is putting its very sound finances on a more private footing—just in case.

A redefined monarchy is contemplated by both the church and the state. The current ideas are that the monarch should cease to be supreme governor of the Church of England, that the hereditary principle of succession should be "preserved" by ending its sexist form, and that the monarch should be pushed even further back from political life by surrendering her remaining functions to the speaker of the House of Commons.

It has already been decided that the aristocracy should be removed from the House of Lords. We could also lose the state opening of Parliament and the whole symbolism of the victor in a general election having to go to the Palace to kiss hands. In the Church of England, disestablishment would suit more consciences and strain fewer loyalties than ever before. North of the border, the Scottish National Party sits high in the opinion polls and takes an avuncular interest in the vexed question of England's post-British identity. Reform of the electoral system is imminent. There will be referenda: The People will consent.

The end of the incredible Tory administration of 1979-97; the final, final end of the empire, televised from Hong Kong; and the death of Diana: These three events made the long summer of 1997 unforgettable. The most cynical of us could not escape the mood, which has not dispersed. If Northern Ireland can change, so can mainland Britain.

But constitutional innovations pick up quickly on the fashions of the age. Would a monarchy redesigned by New Labour be worth having? Would it symbolize the sovereignty of a nation, or the erosion of a state tradition to fit the new European context? This observer is no friend to the pseudo-imperial monarchy for toffs and bureaucrats that we have had since "Ind Imp" (*Indiae Imperator*) went off the coins. But the New Monarchy could be worse. Should a patriot resist reform or try to rescue the imminent constitutional shift from its worst advocates?

The sense of the British constitution was once the balance of King, Lords, and Commons. Then the government—the cabinet—captured all three. Throughout this century, "the Crown" has meant the government, not the monarch. There once was a sort of thrill in conceding that Britain was, in strict form, an electoral tyranny in which absolute power was conferred on one government after another. This meant that our liberties have been preserved—or not—by cultural consensus, not by constitutional checks. This is the sense of the constitution which is about to be replaced . . . by something or other.

The monarchy once gave glamour to parliamentary sovereignty and implied the unswerving support of a loyal and attendant ruling class. But if national-parliamentary sovereignty is not wanted, the monarchy must be re-tuned; and if the great and powerful in the realm are disloyal, absent, or foreign, a "democratized" monarchy can be introduced less as a pledge of renewed citizenship than as an expression of the truth that Parliament is no longer where the power is. The tide runs toward new constitutional texts; that is, toward lawyers; and toward lawyers who sit in foreign courts. The lawyers will surely find new language to make this sound more appropriate.

The difficulty for the Euro-skeptic is that there is so little solid to cling to. The price of not embracing a more democratic symbolism in the late Victorian period—when the imperial hullabaloo was at its worst—is that today's "Europeans" have a cheap, even costless, way of sounding fresh and modern. The language of citizenship, which was never grafted onto monarchy in Britain except in World War II, can now be used to cover the loss of sovereignty. Queen Elizabeth may not embrace a new Euro-status with the painful vulgarity of Queen Victoria's passion for being "Empress of India;" but the monarch has long been an inert tool of the politicians constituting "the Crown." The Queen is supposed to have the right to "admonish"—but only her ministers, and only in private. She did not presume to call on Parliament to protect her grandchildren from the press persecution which killed Diana.

Oliver Cromwell was not a doctrinaire republican, but he did have a non-aristocratic idea of the public good. His refusal to be king was a decisive moment in English history, because he did not doubt that there should be a monarch, and he knew that what the English expected was King, Lords, and Commons. Refusing to be king, he made the Restoration inevitable and so allowed English monarchy to relapse into an intensely aristocratic context.

Britain's post-aristocratic elite now contemplates another trick with crown and scepter. An alteration has begun. The division of Britain—the disuniting

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of the kingdoms—and the new pattern of constitutional law—"human rights" in a European legal context—will supply the groundwork for this change, but the new functions of the monarchy are still at the design stage. The chance that "the Crown" will intend this new design to enhance feelings of democratic confidence and national sovereignty is not very good. The elite want Europe and the euro, and they will knowingly damage any tradition that might prevent them from having their way.

The rule in Britain is that the Royal Standard is flown, and only flown, where the monarch is, and is never flown at half-mast. There was an outcry against this splendid rule last year; and it was agreed—to quiet the multitude whose mourning for Diana was being given a marked anti-monarchy spin by the press—that during Diana's funeral, the Palace would take down the Royal Standard and fly the Union flag at half-mast. This concession was received grudgingly by those who complained that the Queen had not understood the People; they said that she had been stubborn and had clung to protocol and had merely been told what to do. But it was the People—as invented for this curious moment of national contemplation—who did not understand the custom they overthrew. The things that have been of value in the British monarchy will be most at risk.

Michael Stenton teaches modern history for the Board of Continuing Education at Cambridge, England.

Letter From Florence

by Andrei Navrozov

Something of Art

◆

In *Something of Myself*, his 1935 autobiography, Kipling remembers that when he was a young man, working for the English newspaper in the Punjab, "I no more dreamed of dressing myself than I did of shutting an inner door or—I was going to say turning a key in a lock. But we had no locks." Then follows a definition of ultimate luxury, "luxury of which I dream still." It is a definition which I have tested on a number of persons of my acquaintance, if only to see whether they would be able to comprehend it in all its vastness, and all of them have admitted that they cannot. With the reader's permission, I shall keep the magician's white handkerchief draped over the birdcage for a few moments longer.

In a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*, a man introduced as "a top information-age entrepreneur"—which is how one might think of introducing Lorenzo de' Medici—describes how he bought himself a private jet. He writes anonymously, because to his top information-age mind the shame of being thought a sybarite is greater than the exultation of being considered rich. Indeed, much of the story of his $12-million purchase and refurbishment of the Gulfstream III (yes, an interior designer called Ms. Guice puts in an ostensibly long-legged appearance) is a kind of college sophomore's simulacrum of a moral argument involving a furtive, shamefaced, mournfully subjective conscience (which asks, "who was I to spend this kind of money on myself?") and a boastful, big-mouthed, practical necessity (which induces him to pay $36,000 "for two flat-screen TVs"). Finally he drops the name of Warren Buffett, one of the world's wealthiest men, who has christened his private plane "*The Indefensible* as partial penance for the incongruous luxury." Ah well, iss aw right th'n, innit, as fashionable people say nowadays in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea.

Kipling was nothing if not honest, both as a writer and as a man, and there is no reason to doubt that while in Lahore he never worked less than ten and "seldom more than fifteen" hours a day, despite persistent fever and chronic dysentery. "I discovered," he recalls, "that a man can work with a temperature of 104, even though next day he has to ask the office who wrote the article." Typhoid and cholera were rampant, and "death was always our near companion." At the start of his six-year stint on the paper, his salary was 100 rupees a month. He was only able to return to London after managing to sell the copyrights to *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties* to a native "who then controlled the Indian railway-bookstalls." In short, I would wager that the colonial journalist had more stamina in his little finger than the top information-age entrepreneur has in his whole wallet. Luxury is not necessarily enfeebling.

Even the ultimate luxury experienced by Kipling, which was. . . . Reader, beware. I am being perfectly straightforward. I am not about to drop some relativistic paradox of the Russian soul school from Tolstoy to Solzhenitsyn, where a drink of water and a crust of bread are like the costliest wines and viands, where a man bereft of everything discovers the joy of the smallest something, where a once proud and powerful *bon vivant* experiences ecstasy in a jail cell as his body begins to absorb the almost human warmth of a rude wooden stool. The ultimate luxury experienced by Kipling was that every morning his valet would enter the bedroom while he was asleep bearing the razor and the soap, approach his master's bed with feline, Machiavellian tread, and, without so much as a creak of a floorboard, begin to lather his cheeks.

"I was shaved before I was awake!" Can the top information-age entrepreneur fawned over by *Vanity Fair* get his sophomoric conscience around that one? Can I, a sincere sybarite in the closing years of the 20th century? Can anyone out there? But the real problem, of course, is not one of conscience. The problem is that, in the closing years of the 20th century, nobody can find a professional barber even in a barbershop—in London I once had a shave at Trumpers, the sole surviving gentlemen's establishment in Curzon Street, with an aesthetic result as disastrous as the spiritual wounds were enduring—while any prospect of engaging a valet who happens to be an amateur barber, at least capable of shaving his employer while he is awake, belongs to the realm of Hollywood fantasy. To expect him to do what Kipling's valet did is fantasy cubed, and as I say, every man to whom I have read the relevant passage has agreed that the luxury it describes is closer to being absolutely and utterly unimaginable than any absurd fancy or secret longing which his own sinful mind has ever conceived.

But this is a letter from Florence, and I had better relate these musings to life in the cradle of the Renaissance before anybody feels cheated. First of all, there are still a few barbershops left here. Secondly, apart from the usual sightseers, tourists, and what British travel agents call "holiday-makers," the town is crammed to overflowing with students—

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very rich and rich, young and not so young, but mostly American—who have come here "to study art" (if they went to a private school) or "to learn about art" (if they are pretty girls, as a few of them are). None of these people, as far as I have been able to determine, is aware that the elusive reality of which they seek to acquire a traveler's knowledge, as though art were a fact of geography and education a discounted railway pass, is a cultural promontory that runs through the expanse of skill, such as that of a nonpareil barber, and the depth of luxury, such as the pleasure of being shaved in bed.

It is a truism tending toward banality that, during the centuries that made Florence what it was, art was craft. The artist's divine gift was but a fanciful way of invoicing the artisan's rare skill, another way of counting the cost of—and paying for—the frescoed ceiling, the family portrait with the angels, the inlaid commode, the marble *putti* in the ancestral chapel. Of course, this form of accounting is older than the Renaissance, as witness the origin of the word "talent" in the Greco-Roman monetary unit, but it was here in Florence that the system was properly modernized and streamlined. Here Orcagna, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Donatello, Uccello, Gozzoli, Verrochio, Pollaiuolo, Ghirlandaio all started out as apprentice goldsmiths. Here you could get your mistress painted snacking on almond macaroons with the head of John the Baptist in the foreground, and pay with a credit card.

Which brings us round to the equally venerable and corollary truism, this one concerning indulgence, dissolution, and all manner of unspeakable sumptuousness and naked luxury. Take a city of top information-age entrepreneurs with hardly an ethical scruple between them, add innumerable Talentis and Buontalentis in place of the sad little Ms. Guice, and instead of a sniveling article in a Condé Nast publication you get one of the longest chapters of Western civilization, say, 1246 (Santa Maria Novella begun) to 1580 (Palazzo Uffizi completed). It is obviously true that, in those days, even as art was craft, profligacy was aesthetics, more was more, and "simplicity," in the words of the Russian proverb, "worse than theft." Which did not mean, however, that everybody simply got drunk every night and made merry by leafing through pornographic magazines. For not only isn't luxury necessarily enfeebling, it isn't always a precursor of debauchery. Besides, how surely do the ways of austerity lead to vigor? And how good a safeguard against bestiality is discomfort?

Every great truism can only benefit from a timely and judicious inversion, and it occurs to me that, as the American boys and girls arrive in Florence to learn about art, they ought to be told that they are barking up the wrong tree. Because in the closing years of the 20th century, craft—not art—is art. Painters, poets, playwrights, philosophers are now a dime a dozen, thanks to the universal system of liberal education, while the skills of a professional barber, an accomplished baker, or a distinguished restaurateur are now as rare, as valuable, and as imperiled by the scruples of those who would not be known as sybarites as the talents of artists and writers in the darkest, hardest, meanest, least civilized or indulgent ages. Those who have no sympathy for the decline of such skills, and no will to save them through individual acts of patronage at the risk of being themselves considered decadent, can never acquire the knowledge of the genesis and procreation of talent known as the Renaissance, for which they have come here.

But instead of sympathy, passivity. Instead of absorption, blinkered, slavish diligence. Instead of Florence, a bottle of Coke and three straws. And finally I begin to dream of addressing these bejeaned Savonarolas, these top information-age entrepreneurs of the future, through a megaphone from the Arnolfo Tower down to the Piazza della Signoria. You want to learn about art, boys and girls? Then patronize an expensive barber, for God's sake! Buy a pink crocodile suit, have a master furrier make you an opera cloak trimmed in sable, have fresh *millefoglie* in bed every morning. Try not to order pizza by the slice! Who knows, perhaps the day will come when somebody suggests that you should get a Gulfstream, and you will answer that you've decided to get a valet instead, an old Florentine who is simply the Machi-

The Carolina Computer Initiative

by Harold McCurdy

"The computer initiative requires all incoming freshmen beginning in the year 2000 to have an IBM compatible laptop computer"
—*The Daily Tar Heel*

The former UNC, now IBM University,
Has lately decreed
That every freshman by the year 2000 must have a laptop
To be degreed.

It won't be necessary to attend on-campus classes,
But, so as to sell
Enough IBM compatibles, it will be necessary
For enrollment to swell.

Once registered and correctly laptopped, students
Can choose to go home
Or over the whole internetted planet
At liberty roam.

On campus, in big buildings with big computers,
There will be space
For grant-swinging internetted researchers
To interface,

To interface and at a safe distance
Confer degrees
On never-seen, but IBM-authenticated,
Shortchanged AB's.

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avelli of the straight razor. *That* would show education!

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' European correspondent.

Letter From Lagado

by John N. Frary

Revolution in the Air

◆

Thanks to a November election upset, Kafka, South Dakota—home of Lagado University—is poised to become *the* vanguard college town of 21st-century America. Joe Steele, a Lagado University English Department adjunct running as a candidate of the Farmer-Activist-Worker-Grad Student Alliance (a coalition of the Revolutionary Democratic Workers' Party, the Workers' Party of Democratic Revolutionaries, the Party of Revolutionary Democratic Workers, and Democrats Working for a Revolutionary Party), mobilized the youthful idealism of Lagado University's junior faculty, students, and "residuals" (i.e., dropouts, resident recidivists, unemployable graduates, coffeehouse proprietors, stranded folk singers, and other university hangers-on) behind a program of dynamic change that overwhelmed three-term Democrat Lee Bronstein.

Professor G.S. Stodgett, Kafka's only registered Republican, declined to nominate himself for anything.

Steele seized the moral high ground at the first campaign debate when he charged Mayor Bronstein with insensitivity. Scoffing at his opponent's spluttering protest that "I am, too, sensitive," FAWGSA's nominee demanded to know *exactly* how sensitive and, when the man stammered unconvincingly that he was very, *very* sensitive, scornfully pressed him to explain "on what grounds a white male heterosexual could possibly claim to be 'very' sensitive." Joe then cut abruptly through Bronstein's panicky babbling to flourish a sheaf of affidavits attesting that the wretch had used the "eenie-meenie-minie-moe" formula several times while enrolled at the Eleanor Roosevelt Kiddie Kollege in 1951. A tempest of hisses and catcalls swept the mayor from the dais, and he declined to participate in further public debates.

From that point on, it was all downhill for the incumbent. His attempt to regain lost ground by belatedly insisting that Joe Steele was also a white male heterosexual backfired when the latter denounced him for resorting to the tawdriest of negative campaign tactics. Noting that Bronstein's charge was ancient history—he had long since made a public apology for his heteromale whiteness—Steele declared that "it is time to put the past behind us and move on."

Pressing his advantage, Joe exposed the Bronstein administration's failure to diversify the town government's personnel profile. The "liberal" Democrat attempted to defend himself by claiming that there were only 35 Afrofamilies living in Kafka and its three adjacent counties, but the challenger struck back with a relentless attack on the administration's failure to diversify the population of the city and promised a vigorous national recruitment campaign to ensure that the children of Kafka could grow up in an inclusive demographic configuration reflecting 21st-century America.

On September 20, things took a disastrous turn for the Democrat when the Omnium Gatherum of People Unwhite produced irrefutable evidence that there were thirty-*six* Afrofamilies in the region and condemned him in the severest terms as a racist bent on deliberately marginalizing Kafka's Afropopulation. Bronstein's bleating apologies were unavailing. His campaign staff deserted him *en masse*.

Addressing a meeting of the LU Women's Studies Coven at Wiccalatry Chapel on September 23, Joe brandished a list of 258 employees of the Kafka Municipal Sewage Authority who were known associates of Bible-thumping, churchgoing, hymn-singing, extreme ultra-right reactionary fundamentalist Christian theocrats. The mayor's countercharge of "McCarthyism" was promptly denounced as an example of negative campaigning, a mean-spirited ethnic slur on Joe's Irish heritage, and a vicious slash at the self-esteem of all the little children with Celtic foremammals. When Bronstein protested that there were only 38 employees on the KMSA payroll, Joe pounced on this evidence that his opponent was a self-confessed enemy of the environment and promised an emergency bottled spring-water program until adequate provision could be made to ensure a pure water supply for all the little children of Kafka.

A week before the election, FAWGSA unleashed a posse of LU Psychology Department memory-recovery specialists on the Jill & Jack Municipal Day Care Center. Seven hours of intensive, nonstop interaction sufficed to elicit testimony that the kids had been forced to watch Bronstein disembowel a hippopotamus with a letter opener while buggering an anaconda, chewing the leg off a slow loris, and singing the *Horst Wessel Lied*. The accused immediately attempted to impugn the veracity of the children by arguing that: an anaconda is physiologically unbuggerable; the witnesses have no idea what an anaconda is; and it is impossible to sing and eat a slow loris simultaneously. Bronstein's attack on the children only enraged Kafka's voters further, and his rout became definitive. On October 30, he hastily packed his bags and fled to Mexico, followed by the imprecations of his wife and daughters.

On November 5, the new mayor-by-default announced that Pyongyang had agreed to become Kafka's sister city. From noon of this same day, the clocks on the town hall and in all municipal offices were synchronized with the North Korean GMAT zone. Members of the LU community who have business with the municipal government have been notified that today is tomorrow after 10 A.M., that the lunch hour for municipal employees is now between 3:00 and 4:00 A.M., and that the city's offices will be closed at 7:20 A.M. All this will require some adjustment, and it is not yet clear what effect it will have on response times to fire alarms, but few in the Lagado community will deny that this long-overdue program for decentering Western colonialist chronometry is a powerful model of thinking globally, acting locally. (An initiative along the same lines is contained in Municipal Order #13 of November 23, ordaining that all birth certificates for city residents must be revised to accord with the Chinese custom of dating birth from conception.)

On November 6, the new administration—demonstrating an ambidextrous capacity for thinking locally, acting globally—established the Kafka Municipal International Affairs Office. Plans for aid to Cuba are already being laid, and an invitation to January's formal mayoral inauguration has been sent to Fidel Castro.

On November 7, the new municipal calendar was implemented, designating 1999 as Kafka Year I, eliminating Sun-

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days, and renaming all the months except October.

On November 8, the municipal code was revised to strengthen penalties against hate-misdemeanors. Henceforth, ordinary spitting on the sidewalk will still be penalized with a $25 fine, whereas hate-spitting is to carry a penalty of six months in the municipal workhouse. Failure to curb one's dog will continue to incur a $15 dollar fine from January 2 to December 25 (old style), but there will be a penalty enhancement of 30 days' compulsory sensitivity training and two months of community service for allowing one's dog to defecate on the sidewalk during Kwanzaa. Other penalty enhancements will be posted in public places as they occur to the Kafka Office of Tolerance Compliance. Any misdemeanor whatsoever committed by persons proven to have uttered the eenie-meenie-minie-moe formula at any time after age three will be deemed a *prima facie* hate crime.

On November 9, the city of Kafka was declared a tobacco-free zone. Possession of more than five milligrams of tobacco within 500 yards of a school will carry a mandatory one-year sentence at a labor camp in the Kafka gravel pits. Volunteers from the SmokeFree Militia have been deputized. Sites for five watchtowers at vantage points within the city limits have been selected.

On November 10, the Steele administration struck a blow against Big Meat, Big Candy, and Big Soda with an ordinance banning sales of cold cuts, candy bars, and soft drinks to minors. In Kafka, a "minor" is now defined as anyone under 53 years of age.

On November 11, it was announced that Ben and Jerry had accepted an invitation to set up the "Feliks Dzerzhinsky Memorial Ice Cream Parlor" on I.F. Stone Square. They will be marking the occasion by introducing a special new designer flavor, Bone Krunch.

November 11 was celebrated as Conscientious Draft Dodgers' Day with a parade celebrating the fall of Saigon. November 26 was observed as Contritiongiving Day, with e-mailed, oral, or written apologies being submitted by nearly every Euromammal living within the city line, Professor Stodgett being a conspicuous exception. That unrepentant beneficiary of the Native American holocaust exempted himself on the grounds that his great-uncle six times removed, Samson Stodgett, was scalped by "Indians" in the Fort Macomber Massacre of 1703. Dr. Vorkian Jackl was on hand for the occasion to assist anyone who felt the need to commit ritual suicide, but found no takers. (Deputy Mayor Siegfried Heap-of-Roadkills was heard to question the penitents' sincerity—and who can blame him?) Mayor Steele's offer to let "Vork" perform a partial-birth abortion at the Kafka Health Center failed to ameliorate the doctor's disappointment, and he left town an embittered man, vowing never to return.

Starting next October, Columbus Day will be a day of mourning, with all municipal buildings draped in white and all municipal employees instructed to wear glummy-face buttons with downturned mouths and teary eyes. Battle of Little Big Horn Day is to be a municipal holiday starting on June 25, 1999.

There's more, much more. All hearses operating within the city must be painted white by Martin Luther King, Jr., Day. The Jill & Jack Municipal Day Care Center has been renamed the Che-Lumumba Children's Collective. Plans are being laid for collectivizing all flower gardens and window boxes. The new Kafka Municipal Convenience Store Authority will soon be issuing bonds to finance purchase of the city's petty-bourgeois retail establishments. The Kafka Municipal Power & Light Administration has ordered all light bulbs to be replaced with environmentally friendly six-watters by Earth Day. The Kafka Environmental Protection Agency has instituted a universal recycling program. The Kafka Health and Hospital Authority has hired an acu-puncturist, a Chinese herbal doctor, two shamans, a JuJulatrician, a wicca doctor, and a holistic root, weed, and birdseed therapist.

Not too busy to give thought to the long term, Mayor Steele has appointed an advisory committee to study the feasibility of setting up a system of checkpoints, electrified barbed-wire fences, land mines, and border guards around the city. An attorney from Kunstlos, Cucaracha, Cucaracha, Quetzlcoatl & Kungfu, Patel, Patel, Patel, Patel & Patel, Opechancanough, Matawickomet, Bambuti, Baraka, Mfume, Conyers, Yakuza, and Saïd has been retained to advise the committee on the legal aspects of the project.

And this is just the beginning! A new dawn for Kafka, South Dakota! A bridge to the 21st century for America! A poke in the eye for the Madisonite-Amherstist-Burlingtonite-Berkeleyite right-wing deviationists!

John N. Frary is a professor of history at Middlesex County College in Edison, New Jersey.

THE LU/ENGLISH NEWSLETTER

Although Lagado University in Kafka, South Dakota cannot claim the fame of a Yale, Stanford or Berkeley; its English Department does claim to stay abreast of every slash, gash and laceration of the Postmodernist cutting edge. Our motto says it all: "If it's bleeding in New Haven, then it's hemorrhaging in Kafka, South Dakota." Subscribers to the departmental newsletter will find it an unfailingly reliable entrée to the outré. Our faculty stand ever-alert to decant whole hogsheads of inchoate verblobbage over such pustules of coherent thought as may erupt anywhere in the American academy. Subscribe now for your libretto to the Kanondämmerung.

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POETRY

A.D. Hope: Poet of the Antipodes

by Alan Sullivan

The other day, as I was reading an article about Keats, I thought suddenly of A.D. Hope. I started imagining a time when young writers would lose interest in the romance of a vivid English youth extinguished by early death. Instead, they would learn to admire the less gifted but longer-lived Australian who ultimately wrote great poetry by dint of sheer persistence. In this improbable future, pitiless teachers would urge prospective poets to travel the world, master foreign languages, and teach mathematics in trade school as young Alec Hope did.

Little known in the United States, A.D. Hope has been a tireless enemy of literary hokum all his life. In the 1940's, when Australian literati were all atwitter over surrealism, Hope's friends James MacAuley and Harold Stewart gulled a well-known editor into believing he had discovered a great new poet, Ern Malley, whose work the hoaxers had salted

> with a mish-mash of all the then popular *avant garde* theories of poetry, surrealist vomit, Marxist propaganda, free verse techniques, multiple meaningless references to irrelevant objects, pictures, ideas and what have you.

The Ern Malley hoax gained its perpetrators worldwide publicity, but it failed to cleanse minds poisoned by conflict and ideology. Hope's ferocious satire, *Dunciad Minor*, made no difference either, and his 1960 essay, "Free Verse: A Post Mortem," proved an exercise in wishful thinking. Only now, at the turn of the century and near the end of Hope's long life, does the free-verse establishment finally seem troubled by the reek of its own decay. Some of its former stalwarts are writing quasi-formal poems; others are issuing defensive manifestos; but many have begun to suspect why their public has fled, holding its collective nose.

Future critics may see Hope chiefly as a satirist sluicing the gutters of academia, but I hope they won't overlook his more serious work. When he put aside literary politics to let his mind range freely through art and science, myth and history, Hope wrote some of the most profound and numinous poems of this century. *En route* to the achievements of his maturity, he worked patiently to develop a personal style, absorbing and transmuting various influences until he mastered them all.

Alec Derwent Hope was born in 1907 at Cooma, New South Wales. His father, a Presbyterian minister, was soon posted to a congregation in Tasmania. There, Alec was homeschooled in the classics of English literature until age 14, when his parents sent him to the mainland. An outstanding student, he later won a scholarship to Oxford, where he felt lonesome, poor, and ill prepared. He brought home an undistinguished third-class degree in 1931. With no prospects and no money, he knocked around Australia during the Depression years, eventually landing a post at the Sydney Teachers College, and later a lectureship at Melbourne University. In 1951, he became the first professor of English at the newly founded Canberra University, a post he held for 16 years. He knew very well that no poet, even a surrealist, could expect to earn a living from his craft in Australia. Academia was a recourse he grudgingly accepted. Yet he was, by all accounts, a fine teacher who inspired students with his own love of learning.

Much of Hope's early work was destroyed by a fire soon after he moved to Canberra. The manuscript of his first collection survived, and it was published in 1955. *The Wandering Islands* proved a controversial debut. Hope had already made many enemies with the savage reviews he had penned for literary magazines. His own poems were also distressing to some of his countrymen. Though he omitted the troublesome "Australia" from the book, Hope had circulated it privately, and he included it in subsequent collections. In "Australia," Hope calls his continent "A Nation of trees, drab green and desolate gray / In the field uniform of modern wars." Four stanzas later, he assails "her five cities, like five teeming sores, / Each drains her: a vast parasite robber state / Where second-hand Europeans pullulate / Timidly on the edge of alien shores." As alarming as Hope's crypto-libertarianism was his explicit and sometimes violent eroticism, which he often coupled with peculiar interpretations of biblical themes. Yet Hope was also an unabashed formalist, working in the tradition of Spenser, Milton, and the Romantic poets he had read as a boy. The combination seemed puzzling and improbable: something to displease everyone.

Unperturbed by his many critics, Hope produced ten more volumes of poetry over the ensuing 36 years. Six of these consisted entirely of new work; the rest were collections or selections from his growing corpus. The pace actually increased after Hope's retirement in 1967. This would be a remarkable output for a young man; as the monument of an old one, it is virtually unparalleled. Volume by volume, Hope's voice grew clearer and more powerful until it acquired the hieratic authority of an Outback prophet.

In his memoir, *Chance Encounters*, Hope admits that a principal influence on his youthful poetry was the brilliant but decadent Swinburne, a Victorian whose elegant empty verses helped provoke the modernist revolt of Pound and Eliot. None of Hope's boyish imitations survived the fortuitous fire in Canberra. The earliest extant poems date from the time of his return from Oxford, and even those were much revised before he finally published them. Though the metaphysical and Romantic poets were background presences in Hope's work, the most prominent influence at mid-century was W.H. Auden, whose style Hope imitates unmistakably in *The Wandering Islands*. What could be more Audenesque than this: "The committee of atolls inspires in them no devotion / And the earthquake belt no special attitude"? But Hope turns Auden's diction and quirky phrasing to his own purposes. He did not share Auden's leftist politics, and he has never been evasive about sex. For puritanical Australia, poems like "Conquistador" were slaps in the face of censorship,

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which was still very much in force during the 50's. Here the language is Audenesque, composed in a breezy ballad stanza like that of "Miss Gee," but the theme is pure Hope at his most hopeless:

> Adventure opened wide its grisly jaws;
> Henry looked in and knew the Hero's doom.
> The huge white girl drank on without a pause
> And, just at closing time, she asked him home.

Poor Henry wound up a footrug in the giantess's bedroom.

For Hope, woman was a delight, a danger, and an embodied sacrament. Accordingly, his tone in sexual poems ranges from bawdy to prurient to reverential, depending on his purpose. In "Lot And His Daughters," all three notes are struck for a shocking meditation on biblical incest. In the sardonic "Imperial Adam," the first act of procreation is lovingly celebrated among the innocent beasts: Eve is midwifed by "the gravid elephant, the calving hind," then, as the proud but helpless father stands by, he sees "Between her legs a pygmy face appear, / And the first murderer lay upon the earth." A later poem, "The Coast of Cerigo," recounts in lurid detail the myth of the Labra, a fatal mermaid who clutched and crushed bewitched fishermen. Such themes earned Hope a reputation for misogyny, but his accusers must reckon with "Clover Honey," a playful tale with a persuasive and charming female narrator, not to mention "The Western Elegies," a poignant farewell to his wife of 51 years, Penelope, who died in 1988. Only the most callous and simpleminded critic could sustain a claim of woman-hatred against the author of such a moving work.

Forgetting Hope's own comment in "Australia," the simpleminded have also assailed him as a "second-hand European." During his formative decades, the 30's and 40's, Australian writers were attempting to create an indigenous literature. In his survey of Hope's work, American scholar Robert Darling reflects on literary context:

> From the beginning, white Australians have taken two different approaches regarding their country. One is to embrace its newness and proclaim their independence. . . . The other at its most extreme is an attempt to maintain their customs as if the old country had never been left.

Hope was sometimes portrayed by indigenists as an unregenerate Europhile, but his homeland is ever present in his imagination and his poetry. Sometimes he depicts it as a grim yet potentially nourishing desert ("Australia"); sometimes it is the setting for cosmological or philosophical reflections ("The Drifting Continent"); sometimes it is an invisible backdrop, the blank page on which he dares to reinterpret literature and religion. As a young man, Hope tramped the countryside and often camped for weeks on remote shores. He knew Australia's geology and geography, its flora and fauna, its natural and human history at least as well as the ridiculous Jindyworobaks, a literary movement whose members' cultivation of idiom wound up sounding merely provincial, even to fellow Australians.

Like Americans, Australians straining against the English leash have often lurched into populism and parochialism. Hope's education—and the curiosity which has kept him broadening it all his life—puts him at odds with the know-nothing impulse among his countrymen, whom he has often satirized. Yet he is equally brusque with the faddish preoccupations of self-appointed intellectuals, whose blind anti-colonialism tempts them to denigrate the very tradition which permits, even supports, their critique. Did dissidents win literary prizes from the Soviets? Would aboriginal elders applaud adolescents who rejected *their* culture? Such questions don't trouble Australian academicians any more than they do American ones. Hope's erudition, his fluency in foreign languages, his agnosticism and shameless eroticism have made him an object of suspicion to populists and intellectuals alike. As Ruth Morse observes in her introduction to Hope's *Selected Poems*, "hostility to education is a feature of many of the mass democracies, where it is identified with the colonial experience and the rule of the Empire."

At one time or another, Hope studied Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Old Norse, German, Icelandic, Anglo-Saxon, Russian, and Arabic. In his book-length essay on poetics, *The*

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New Cratylus, Hope describes his acquisitions in aggressive, almost imperialistic terms, doubtlessly knowing he would scandalize his critics: "I explored and plundered other languages, mostly by my own efforts, with a few helping lessons from professional teachers." Hope excuses his greed by explaining, "if we go straight to the poetry in learning another language, we get to the pure essence." Armed with his looted knowledge, he draws upon a range of allusion far beyond English literature. Few critics are competent to comment. For the record, I have some Latin and a smattering of French. I'm not equipped to judge Hope's translation of Anna Akhmatova. I do know English versification well enough to realize that any decoder of Hope's work needs the prosodic equivalent of a rock-climber's tool kit. Not only could Hope manage the most difficult stanzas, like the effortless Byronic *ottava rima* of "A Letter From Rome," but he even tried his hand at classical Latin hexameter, which he carried off brilliantly in English, a feat with little precedent. Yet Hope's omnivorous mind has been by no means content to gorge itself only on languages and poetry. He is also a keen observer of the natural world who has read widely in the sciences, seeking the meanings and interrelationships of everything he sees.

To illustrate, let me quote an early poem in full, "The Pleasure of Princes" from *Selected Poems*:

What pleasures have great princes?
These: to know
Themselves reputed mad with
pride or power;
To speak few words—few words
and short bring low
This ancient house, that city with
flame devour;

To make old men, their fathers'
enemies,
Drunk on the vintage of the former
age;
To have great painters show their
mistresses
Naked to the succeeding time;
engage

The cunning of able, treacherous
ministers
To serve, despite themselves, the
cause they hate,
And leave a prosperous kingdom to
their heirs
Nursed by the caterpillars of the
state;

To keep their spies in good men's
hearts; to read
The malice of the wise and act
betimes;
To hear the Grand Remonstrances
of greed,
Led by the pure; to cheat justice of
her crimes;

To beget worthless sons and, being
old,
By starlight climb the battlements,
and while
The pacing sentry hugs himself
with cold,
Keep vigil like a lover, muse and
smile,

And think, to see from the grim
castle steep
The midnight city below rejoice
and shine:
"There my great demon grumbles
in his sleep
And dreams of his destruction, and
of mine."

What can we say of Hope as a political thinker, based on this poem? First and foremost, he has read his Machiavelli (in Italian, of course). Second, we can see at once his kinship with Auden, and also his differences. In this early poem, he employs Auden's complex syntax along with Audenesque phrases like "the caterpillars of the state" and "Grand Remonstrances." He shares Auden's distaste for the prerogatives of aristocracy, which the Englishman had expressed in such poems as "Embassy" and "Song." Is Hope's poetry scented with a whiff of envy, like Auden's, or is Hope obliquely indicating, in this Italianate context, his contempt for the British class system which so dismayed him at Oxford? Given Hope's humble upbringing in rural Tasmania, I would suspect the latter. And he adds a liberal dose of his own political agnosticism. Where he accounts one of the ruler's pleasures "to cheat justice of her crimes," I detect a sly, almost conspiratorial sympathy with the prince. Hope seems to be hinting that Plato's philosopher king is beyond human reach. The wily, self-serving prince is the best ruler any state could expect. Only the prince would suborn the clever, intoxicate the tyrannous with "vintage of the former age," and tranquilize the populace with prosperity.

Auden never used the word *justice* flippantly, only sincerely or ironically. A frustrated idealist, he never wholly abandoned his faith in the idea of secular perfection, even if he seemed to concede its achievement was beyond human reach. One of his favorite poetic strategies was to juxtapose comfortable and complacent characters with the wretched of the earth, as though wealth were the cause of poverty. In this respect, he had an instinctive affinity for so-called liberation theology. We should remember that Auden, troubled by a sense of individual and collective sin, returned to the Church in his later years. Hope, on the other hand, has scant expectation of justice, either human or divine. He knows the mob can call a lynching "justice" without batting its eyelids, and he doesn't place much trust in judges, either—they are too easily corrupted. In "The Pleasure of Princes," Hope holds with Machiavelli that the best government keeps armed watch while wearing a velvet glove. The 20th century has demonstrated the peril of Auden's ideal; it remains to be seen whether the 21st will prove that humanity should also dispense with the guard, the glove, and the prince.

In 1984, when he was 77, Hope finished a new book of poetry, *The Age of Reason*. The text consisted of 11 large poems, all in heroic couplets, a form widely used by 18th-century poets and subsequently retired as over-simple and overdone. Hope made no attempt to duplicate the diction of the time: This would have resulted in mere parody. Instead, as he explains in a short preface, his couplets were written in a style "modified to accept the rhythms of contemporary English and avoiding all conventional poetic devices apart from those of metre." Several of the poems are epistolary. Others invent dialogue for historical figures. Together, they constitute an extraordinary evocation of that era, as well as an implicit rebuke to our own for the ideologies which obscure our understanding of the past.

The Age of Reason varies in quality from poem to poem, but the two best, "The Isle of Aves" and "The Bamboo Flute," match the finest work of the 18th century or of our own. Both are epistolary poems. "The Isle of Aves" depicts an exchange between two sea captains, Lemuel Gulliver and William Dampier, who sailed the world's oceans at the bid-

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ding of a young British Empire. "The Bamboo Flute" is the imaginary correspondence of two painters, John Zoffany and Tilly Kettle, who emigrated to India some 50 years later, when the British were just consolidating their control of the subcontinent and the romance of the Raj was seducing them.

In this poem, Hope depicts a meeting of cultures still new and strange to each other as the painter Zoffany queries his colleague Kettle about India. Zoffany is preparing to emigrate after a disgrace at the court, where his royal portrait had been poorly received. Kettle has already spent time in India and returned to make a name for himself with exotic oriental subjects. Hope contrives two letters in which the painters discourse amiably about art while relating respective professional successes and woes. A third letter briefly introduces Zoffany to a colonial official and affords a glimpse of life among these expatriates so far from their homes. But the fourth and longest letter is very different. Now in India for some time, Zoffany has dabbled in its languages, arts, and religion, to which he feels himself increasingly drawn, until one night something very peculiar happens. Zoffany receives a visit from a mysterious artist with a sheaf of Indian paintings. The stranger says he had once called on Kettle, during the latter's sojourn in India. Kettle had proven unreceptive. Maybe, the stranger suggests, Zoffany would understand better if he heard the folktale which inspired one of these scenes. It was the story of the god Krishna who, enchanted by the sight of three milkmaids bathing in a river, ravished them with the sound of his flute. Here were the Sirens of another culture; yet they were mute, and it was Krishna who sang, with his Orphic (and phallic) instrument. So Hope, through the words of Zoffany's visitor, takes his readers into an extraordinary meditation on art and poetry as conduits to the divine:

"Now, sir, that is the tale we love
and know.
It tells more than the brush itself
can show;
But what it does not tell you must
find out.
You think it a crude folk-tale now,
no doubt,
Pointless, perhaps, and unbecoming and odd
To all your Western notions of a
god.
But to us Hindoos here, it has an
end
Beyond itself and meanings which
extend
Up to the heights of man's philosophy.
Here is a simple one for you to see:
You are a painter. Let this myth
impart
A parable of the artist and his art
And those who view his work; but
it is true
Of the composer and the poet too.
As the god had to see the milk-maids nude
In absolute nakedness, the poet
should
View nature, see into the heart of
things
And show them to themselves in
all he sings.
And as the milk-maids danced for
him alone,
Each poem is a tryst with the unknown;
Naked we meet him in his nakedness:
The divine music asks of us no
less,
Till we become the melody within.
Now, if you think this way, you
may begin
To see our Indian painting with
new eyes."

He paused and smiled and then, to
my surprise
Holding me with his gaze, it
seemed he grew
Larger and all his body turned dark
blue.
You will scarce credit this, but, sir,
I swear
Quite suddenly, he was no longer
there
And all the sounds of night and
man were mute
Except the faint strains of a distant
flute.

The visitor is Krishna himself, vouchsafing the foreigner a glimpse of India's very essence. So we come the long way back to Keats, whose theory of "negative capability" offered the poet as a passive vessel for insights from some ineffable and indefinable source. Hope proposes quite a different view in *The New Cratylus*, where he contrasts dreamy works like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" with the tediously self-conscious artifice of some 17th and 18th-century Pindaric odes. Hope concludes that neither the spontaneity of the dreamer nor the conscious control of the craftsman can produce the finest poetry unaided. Instead, great poetry springs from the complex interplay between a subconscious element he calls "dream work" and the directed effort of craft. Moreover, Hope refines the notion of negative capability to include such impersonal sources as history and science, which can be incorporated by the poetic imagination.

Though Keats was himself a consummate craftsman, his argument for self-negation through immersion in the senses has helped to lure generations of poets away from craft and deeper into the mire of self-absorption. Solipsism among poets and other artists has in turn rendered the 20th century more vulnerable to the totalitarian impulse, which is nothing but selfishness writ large and projected on society (*pace* Ayn Rand). At century's end, Hope has afforded us the antidote of his thoughtful prose and the living bequest of his poetry.

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POLITICS

Sixty-Eighters

by Tomislav Sunic

From the United States to France, from Germany to England, the post-World War II generation is now running the show. They have traded in their jeans and sneakers for political power. Thirty years ago, they rocked the boat at Berkeley, in Paris, and in Berlin; they marched against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and supported the Yugoslav dictator, Josip Broz Tito, and his "socialism with a human face." They made pilgrimages to Hanoi, Havana, and Belgrade, and many of them dressed in the Vietcong's garb, or Mao's clothes. A certain bimbo named Jane Fonda even paid a courtesy visit to North Vietnam and posed for a photo-op with her rear on a communist howitzer. This generation protested against their wealthy parents, yet they used their fathers' money to destroy their own welfare state. A burning

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joint passed from hand to hand, as Bob Dylan croaked the words that defined a generation: "Everybody must get stoned."

This was a time which the youth in communist countries experienced quite differently. Prison camps were still alive, deportations were the order of the day from the Baltics to the Balkans, and the communist secret police—the Yugoslav UDBA, the Romanian *Securitate*, the East German *Stasi*, and the Soviet KGB—had their hands full. Western 68ers did not know anything about their plight, and they simply ignored the communist topography of horror. Back then, the 68ers had cultural power in their hands, controlling the best universities and spreading their permissive sensibility. Students were obliged to bow down to the unholy trinity of Marx, Freud, and Sartre, and the humanities curriculum showed the first signs of multiculturalism. Conservatives concentrated all of their attention on economic growth, naively believing that eliminating poverty and strengthening the middle class would bring about the renaissance of the conservative gospel.

Today, the 68ers (or "neo-liberals" or "social democrats") have grown up, and they have changed not only their name, but also their habitat and their discourse. Their time has come: Now they hold both cultural *and* political power. From Buenos Aires to Quai d'Orsay, from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to 10 Downing Street, they sit in air-conditioned executive offices or in ministerial cabinets, and they behave as if nothing has changed. Perfectly recycled in stylish Gucci suits, wearing expensive Bally shoes, sporting fine mascara, the 68ers pontificate about the global free market. They have embraced their former foe, capitalist entrepreneurship, and have added to it the fake humanistic façade of socialist philanthropy. They have drawn up a hit list, filled with the names of senile individuals from distant countries who have been accused of "war crimes" and must be extradited to the 68ers' kangaroo courts. Seldom, if ever, do they acknowledge the millions of victims of communism, documented recently by Stephane Courtois in *Le livre noire du communisme*. Nor do they wish to face their own role in communist genocide. And why should they? Their decades-long civil disobedience resulted in the downplaying of communist horror and legitimized the Gulag. While the 68ers did not play a direct role in Beria's, Yagoda's, or Tito's ethnic cleansing, they were useful idiots. If today's caviar left were to open the Pandora's box of the Gulag, Augusto Pinochet would look like a naughty little scout from boot camp. The best way to cover up their own murderous past is to sing the hymns of human rights and to lecture on the metaphysics of permanent economic progress.

The 68ers and their well-clad cronies are the financial insiders now, speculating on stocks, never hesitating to transfer megabucks to Luxembourg via the Cayman Islands or, better yet, to do some hidden wheeling and dealing on Wall Street. They no longer spout nonsense about equality and social justice for the Vietcong, Congolese, or Tibetans, nor do they indulge in academic rantings about socialist utopia. And why should they? Today, the time is ripe for their gross corruption, veiled, of course, in the incessant rhetoric of multiculturalism. The 68ers have won: The world belongs to them.

But for how long? The 68ers have inherited a massive financial burden, much of it the result of government spending on the various programs that they once took to the streets to demand. At the same time, their work ethic pales next to the rugged individualism of their hard-working predecessors. From Germany to France, from Italy to England, they may excel in a liberal mimicry of capitalism, which in practice translates into the rise of a handful of the very rich and an ever-larger mass of the working poor. But who will foot the tab? No country can be run by humanitarian decrees. When push comes to shove, good leftist intentions mean nothing: The voters can kick the 68ers out of office just as quickly as they brought them in.

Many conservatives in the West, and particularly in America, misunderstand the true nature of the modern left and its socialist offshoots. These conservatives naively assume that the cultural war will be won through political elections. They believe that political power (that is, the army, police, and diplomacy) will keep the country together and circumvent or circumscribe leftist influence. This is a dangerous and possibly fatal mistake, not just for the conservative cause, but for Western civilization. The political power held today by the former 68ers is being institutionalized through legal restrictions on freedom of speech, of thought, and of research. Germany, Canada, France, and other Western countries have already passed strict laws forbidding young scholars to pursue open and honest research in certain touchy areas of modern history. Passages from the German Criminal Code bring to mind the Soviet comrade Vishinsky: They are not what we expect of a free and democratic country.

Many conservatives have failed to realize that political power must always be preceded by cultural power, and afterwards strengthened by an incessant media war. In our age of video, of hologram Hitlers, of sound-bite political lingo, the one who adapts the fastest to the changing world is bound to win. The 68ers realized long ago that one needs to infiltrate universities, publishing houses, and schools before storming the White House. For three decades, leftist scholars have diligently dished out their marxophilic dogma to gullible students in the West. Their progeny have grown up and are well positioned to follow suit.

If conservatives ever wish to surface again, they must resolutely commit themselves to fighting the cultural revolution by grooming highly sophisticated, highly intelligent journalists and scholars, and by coaching young people to defend the heritage of the West. Conservative political leaders must realize that the culture is the only battleground on which cultural and political hegemony can be snatched away from the hydra of 68ers. Consider this: Conservatives can still boast of some prominent political leaders, yet the universities, schools, and the media are totally controlled by the left. Conservative intellectuals in the West are too differentiated, and they often suffer from pathological vanity and obsessive aristocratic individualism. Although they are sometimes wrongly accused of being populists, conservatives are incapable of whipping the young masses into a frenzy, or of creating militants ready to storm street barricades. Most conservatives don't understand how to articulate their own message. It is impossible to get three conservatives to work together: Each will immediately wish to prove that he is the best. Cultural conservatives still don't recognize their true enemy, much less know how to beat him. Frequently, they quarrel among themselves about their own nationalist victimology, or push their tribal dogmas to the extreme—always, of course, to the benefit of the international left. To be a conservative should not merely mean be-

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ing frightened by postmodernity, or savoring one's provincial "rootedness," or wearing thick horn-rimmed glasses, or attending Sunday school lessons. Some great conservatives were agnostics, or pagans, or modernists, or revolutionary thinkers. By contrast, today's conservatives have failed to address the social question of workers in the West, and therefore, their turf has been stolen by the former 68ers, who are more versed in promising a glorious future.

What is to be done? Young conservatives, especially those with a solid background in the humanities, must start demystifying the leftist-liberal mythology. They must not gullibly imitate their teachers in the corrupt Western academy. After all, many self-proclaimed scholars are often half-wits with little knowledge of the drama of life, and they can easily be beaten on their own ground. In order to unseat the leftist-liberal political class and its pseudo-intellectual acolytes, young conservatives must resort to the same strategy that the left has pursued: Take to the cultural barricades, but to defend Western civilization, rather than to tear it down.

And conservatives should not forget the ancient wisdom: Beat your leftist neighbor with his own weapon. Where it hurts the most.

Tomislav Sunic is the cultural counselor at the Croatian Embassy in Brussels.

PHILOSOPHY

Mere Children

by Peter Kwasniewski

There is a profound difference between the ancient and medieval view of children and the modern cult of the child. The Rousseauean idolatry of nature and worship of savages, popularized through a certain brand of sentimental poetry, helped to establish a picturesque ideal of the innocent, angelic child. St. Augustine was not inclined to hold the same view. For him, the anger, mischievousness, and impatience of little children were so many signs that human nature is not inherited free of the effects of Adam's sin. The modern emphasis on letting children "be themselves" (even though it often turns out to be lip service), as well as rhetoric about "recovering one's childhood," belie a peculiarly rosy estimation of the innate goodness of man.

Once the doctrine of original sin had been largely eradicated from the daily mindset of Catholics as well as Protestants, it was inevitable that shrines would be erected to The Child, nature's favorite, a piece of charming fantasy confirmed in the popular mind by Victorian paintings of an effeminate Jesus caressing the golden locks of cherubic ten-year-olds. The gradual shift from the Christ Child, who deserves our reverence, to The Child can be seen in some of Wordsworth's verses and those of other Romantics who profess the innocence of the "man of nature" and the perfectibility of the human species. In our age of educational Prometheanism, which still embraces these fanciful theories and pushes them even further, it may be worthwhile to consider the more realistic views of our ancestors.

The ancients and medievals saw the child as an imperfect starting point and the adult as mature, meaning capable of moral and intellectual perfection. Only an adult can appreciate the good, the true, and the beautiful as such; a child feels their vibrations in his imagination without apprehending what they are, or why they should be as they are. The child's psyche exhibits a paradox: In itself, it is superficial because undeveloped; but it is also supremely absorbent, possessing an almost magical power of assimilation. When Christ tells us to imitate the child, he is clearly pointing to the latter quality. Christians should strive to be receptive to God's word, ready to do His will, even as a child receives trustingly and eagerly whatever is given him, and acts upon what he acquires. This duality in the child's psyche explains why both Aristotle and Nietzsche emphasize the role of training in education: The child forms habits long before he understands the meaning and importance of habit.

To take an important example, a small child, simply of himself, is not capable of discriminating between good and bad music. He will grow accustomed to any sounds to which he is subjected because they are all novel to him and he is greedy to exercise the powers of sensation. Hence, a child can learn to love Mozart long before he is capable of appreciating him. His sensitive soul becomes Mozartian while his consciousness remains ignorant of the nature of the music absorbed. Absorption is the right metaphor in this context. A towel is capable of picking up any kind of liquid, regardless of its nobility: Soda pop saturates a towel as thoroughly as vintage wine. A child, because of his very openness and lack of differentiation, trusts the whole world as though everything were equally choiceworthy. As Aristotle said,

> The child has [a deliberative faculty], but it is immature. . . . The child is imperfect, and therefore obviously his excellence is not relative to him alone, but to the perfect man and to his teacher, and in like manner the excellence of the servant is relative to a master.

Childhood furnishes the materials out of which parents and educators may build a responsible public citizen and a virtuous private man worthy of his freedom. The chief purpose of childhood is to culminate in adulthood. The child, especially in his most "tender" years, exercises little independent power over this process of maturation, for he is at the mercy of his elders and his society. Invoking a central Aristotelian distinction, we may say that the power to "form" children resides not in the child, who is as matter, but in his elders, who have already acquired the forms of virtue and vice, and therefore stand to him as form. (This relationship explains why we customarily speak of the "formation" of children, students, soldiers, or priests.) Apart from their example, instruction, and discipline, the child can only mature biologically, not psychologically and spiritually. Childhood is a rudimentary stage that must be shed like a first skin when it becomes too tight for inner growth. As Dorothy Sayers remarks:

> "Except," said Christ, "ye become as little children"—and the words are sometimes quoted to justify the flight into infantilism. Now, children differ in many ways, but they have one thing in common. Peter Pan—if indeed he exists otherwise than in the nostalgic imagination of an adult—is a case for the pathologist. All normal children (however much we discourage them) look forward to growing up.

Just as the liberal arts (e.g., geometry,

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arithmetic, logic, grammar) exist ultimately for the sake of metaphysics and theology—which is why we teach the former to children and reserve the latter for the intellectually mature—so too everything of the child exists for the sake of the whole man into which he may someday develop. Describing the place of the child in classical Greek education, H.I. Marrou writes:

> In the first place the whole aim of this education was the formation of adults, not the development of the child. There is no point in being led astray by etymology. I know quite well that it [*paedeia*] contains the word. But this needs to be translated as "the treatment to which a child should be subjected"—to turn him into a man. As we saw, the Latins happily translated the word as *humanitas*.

If the Greeks could have known the extent to which education (at least since Rousseau wrote *Emile*) has been adapted to the child and the special characteristics of his mind, they would have responded with amused surprise. What is the point, the Greeks would ask, of concentrating on the child as though he were an end in himself? The point of childhood is that it leads to manhood, and the proper object of education is therefore not any slobbering child or awkward adolescent or even an up-and-coming young man, but Man, and Man alone; and the point of education is to teach the child to transcend himself.

One sign of a secure adult is that, while he may have had a lovely childhood, he does not wish (literally) to become a child again. The thought should cause laughter, as though one were to say, "Quantum physics is interesting, but let's spend this afternoon going over the alphabet." It is fitting for women to become child-like during their years of child-rearing, because they are the immediate and intimate source of the child, its nurse and comforter, its first teacher. But both women and men only pretend to be like children when playing with them; the toys of a child should appear as no more than that. As Aristotle writes, "no one would choose to live with the intellect of a child throughout his life, however much he were to be pleased at the things that children are pleased at."

For Aristotle, the focal point of ethics as an applied science is the rearing of children into responsible adults as effectively as possible. This explains why he devotes so much of his *Nicomachean Ethics* and *Politics* to pedagogical matters. In the Middle Ages, when Aristotle's ideas (though largely unknown in their written record) were followed throughout Europe as a matter of course, it would not have been unusual for a lad to be prepared to transact local business at 15, to enter marriage or religious life at 16, or to prosecute advanced studies at 17. Childhood merged seamlessly with some type of apprenticeship, novitiate, or manual labor. The curious vision of a child as wholly outside of the world of adults, as having, therefore, nothing to contribute to the world of his elders except entertainment, sweetness, and occasional irritation, would have been ridiculous to the medieval. "A child is a man not fully grown up," the peasant or the noble would have said; and as proof, the one would teach his son to plant and harvest corn, the other, to ride a horse and hunt a fox. As manifested in the High Middle Ages, the traditional approach to the child is disciplinary, pedagogical, and monarchical. Such an approach is found wherever healthy mothers and fathers do not subscribe to a fairy-tale conception of youth in which the child is a happy stranger to the petty business of grown-ups.

There is, needless to say, much truth in speaking of an intangible aura of purity, beauty, and boundless life radiated by the child. The child's mad and heady love for the world, for play, and for learning is obviously a good thing to imitate, especially since adults have a tendency to be dour, skeptical, and self-absorbed. Yet can we deny that the best qualities of small children owe a lot to their indiscriminate and naive approach to the world—as if it were a garden of unalloyed pleasure, fully to be trusted, fully to be explored—than to any sustained voluntary effort on their part? After having spent a short time with an unruly toddler, the father knows that his child is not a visitor from a better place.

I do not think that St. Augustine can be accused of residual Manichaeanism when he candidly points out that children can be quite nasty, selfish, and greedy. They live, said Thomas Aquinas, "according to the impulses of passion since they have not been strengthened in rational judgment by which the passions are regulated." As Aristotle perceived, they are in many ways closer to the irrational animals—with, however, the all-important difference of having an inclination to develop the power of reason—than they are to men in whom that reasoning power is active. Is it surprising, then, that people treat their pets in a manner very similar to the way in which they speak to and pamper a tiny child? The adult invests the child with a profoundly different sentiment, signified by a different kind of love; but that is due to its humanity and its intimate link with mother and father. The humor that adults see in a child's antics is often completely lost on the child himself. We are in the habit of ascribing to him the deliberative action we see in ourselves, even when he is still acting according to appetite, imitation, and caprice.

Societies in which men and women live close to nature, regularly interacting with it for livelihood and for leisure, are not often betrayed into escapist fantasies. Children are there to be reared (that is, set up straight) into worthy representatives of family, society, culture, and religion. Obviously, the extent to which rearing issues in a man or woman who merits the name "adult" depends in the greatest measure on the worthiness of the parent and the educator. The medieval saying *nemo dat quod non habet*—no one can give what he does not have—is certainly germane. The state of affairs described by Thoreau's well-known remark, "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," is not to be marveled at, since the only period during which human roots can be deeply planted is nowadays squandered on worthless distractions, leading to a character as insubstantial as the materials on which it was fed.

A healthy and realistic society sees in the child, in addition to more endearing qualities, several unfortunate traits: his propensity to self-indulgence, his dominant inclination to sense-pleasure, and his need for strict rules and guidance in order to "put childish ways behind," the metaphor St. Paul uses for Christians. As Aristotle explains,

> The name self-indulgence is applied also to childish faults. . . . The transference of the name seems not a bad one, for that which desires what is ignoble and which develops quickly ought to be kept in a chastened condition, and these characteristics belong

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> above all to appetite and to the child, since children in fact live at the beck and call of appetite, and it is in them that the desire for what is pleasant is strongest . . . and as the child should live according to the direction of his tutor, so the appetitive element should live according to reason.

Such a view would be almost unintelligible to contemporary parents and educators, except to an admirable cluster of homeschoolers fond of the biblical warning: "Spare the rod, spoil the child." The reason why this once-common view would nowadays meet with hostility or a blank stare is, I fear to say, that most contemporary parents and educators are themselves still children in the worst sense: willful, immature, self-indulgent. Moderns, being afraid of suffering, displaced from nature, and spiritually alienated from themselves, adulate childhood because it suggests or symbolizes an escape from the pains of maturity and a vicarious redemption from the inevitability of death. At the bottom of the fear of death is the fear of an ultimate or divine judgment of one's life, a fear that no man can entirely eradicate from his soul (although some have come close). Only the mature are fit to be judged—which would explain the unconscious horror often felt toward maturity. As long as I never grow up, I am not fully responsible for my actions, and I never need to be judged as a good man or a bad man. As long as I am just a "bad little girl" or a "naughty little boy," there is no real crime or guilt for me to answer for.

Due in part to this unnatural obsession with youth and youthfulness, the contemporary West artificially elongates childhood by the institution of "adolescence" or the "teenage years," a fabricated vacation between immaturity and maturity that succeeds in prolonging childish behavior even after the body has become that of an adult. This elongation of psychological childhood, a stage of life whose selfishness results from the fall of our first parents, parallels the myopic Western preoccupation with lengthening life well past the age of natural decrepitude, as though to purchase immortality with drugs and machines—the promise made by René Descartes. His new mechanistic philosophy, he tells us,

> is desirable not only for the invention of an infinity of devices which would facilitate our enjoyment of the fruits of the earth without pain . . . but also, and most importantly, for the maintenance of health, which is undoubtedly the chief good and the foundation of all other goods in this life.

Indeed, "we might free ourselves from innumerable diseases, both of the body and of the mind, and perhaps even from the infirmity of old age." Descartes saw in medicine the supreme fruit of man's earthly endeavors. The Western fixation on longevity is, in contemporary jargon, "an infantile regression complex caused by the desire to return to the passive undifferentiated state of infancy." It is a desire to recapture what is lost over time by means of charms and amulets, e.g., diets, cosmetics, pills, fads, and devices of every description. One of the more noticeable effects of this disease is the sorry attempt of older women to look like younger women. As Goethe says, "Error is all right so long as we are young, but we must not carry it into our old age." The disease extends even to the cultural-historical plane: It is no exaggeration to compare the contemporary West to a decrepit old man living out a fantasy of youth.

Our fixation with themes of "eternal youth," taken in a crassly physical sense, also does much to explain why so many old people are locked up and forgotten in nursing homes. "Out of sight, out of mind." People do not wish to be reminded of senescence and mortality. But there is another side to this phenomenon of widespread ingratitude. A large number of people cringe at the idea of sacrificing any of their freedom—or what they think to be freedom—in order to care for their elderly parents. They have little filial piety because they are still unruly children who do not wish to grow up and acknowledge the profound debts they owe to others. According to the design of creation, grandparents are meant to act as counselors, teachers, and guardians, telling family stories and passing down values from one generation to the next. In a world of infants, there is scarcely a place for them; with the demise of parenthood comes the demise of grandparenthood. Is it any wonder that the once-noble role of grandfather is now often confined to the mailing of an occasional birthday check, or that of grandmother to the baking of holiday cookies?

Certain things follow from the artificial prolongation of childhood into "adolescence." The most important consequence is that we have mere children, psychologically speaking, foraging about in adult bodies with adult appetites. During these "adolescent" years, in addition to whatever enormities of unchecked voracity such hybrid child-men commit, psychic habits are engendered which create deep-seated disharmony in the soul and usually terminate in superficial, abusive, or futile relationships with other people later on in life. The present-day epidemic of prenatal infanticide, whether in cold blood or in intention—the neurotic hatred of children and large families that informs the worldview of journalist, feminist, and social architect alike—is fundamentally caused by the self-indulgent immaturity of the neo-pagan soul, bent on pursuing a course of uninhibited avarice and lust. The 20th century is populated by children masquerading as adults, the main difference being that the toys of adults are vastly more sophisticated (and harmful) than those of children. Hence we arrive at the heart of the paradox: adoration of pure potentiality leads to the corruption of actuality. Put simply, adulation of the child leads ultimately to hatred of the child.

The 16-year-old boy who married a 14-year-old girl in A.D. 1300 could boast of the ability to cobble shoes or forge iron, plant and harvest crops, break horses or barter at the town market, repair a thatched roof, amid many other talents; his bride had been prepared by her mother to act the part of a dutiful wife, ready to bear children, manage the household, and contribute to her husband's work. In terms of independence, behavior, and responsibility, these two "teenagers" were more mature in their rosy youth than the majority of modern Westerners at any point in their lives. And yet, until recently, English historians might still have referred to the year 1300 as one more shadow in the lengthy Dark Ages.

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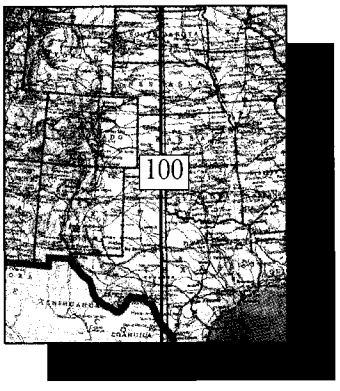
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Wildness in Waiting

Dick McIlhenny awoke with a cold foot in the blackness that could be an hour after he fell asleep or ten minutes before the alarm clock went off. He attended to the foot inside the sleeping bag and checked the luminous dial on the clock beside his pillow. The clock said 30 minutes past one. McIlhenny rolled on his side and was working deeper into the bag when the first scream sounded. It came from a hundred yards or so away, manlike but voluminous as the shriek of a giant. The sound came and came again, a high-pitched yell bonded with a roar, before a second voice answered it from the opposite ridge. In the darkness McIlhenny fumbled for his revolver. He had a flashlight with him in the pop-up camper but was unwilling to call attention to himself by using it. Wanting to peer across the moonlit clearing, he was fearful of the sound running the tent zipper down would make. Instead he lay listening for nearly ten minutes to the unseen creature beyond the edge of the forest and the thing that was answering it from half a mile or more away, until nine rifle shots fired in rapid succession from a neighboring camp rang out, waking his son beside him in the camper and ending the screams abruptly. Armed with rifles, the two men patrolled the forest and the edges of the parks where, in spite of the full moon overhead, they observed no deer or elk grazing. The incident occurred near Leadville, Colorado, in the second half of October 1994.

Four months earlier and 100 miles to the south, Keith Hawkins and his two sons had been fishing for trout on the Conejos River cutting through wild and rugged country not far north of the Colorado-New Mexico border. Although it was only late afternoon the sun had dropped behind the continental divide rising to an elevation of over 13,000 feet, and the canyon in which the river flowed was already twilit. The western bank rose steeply to form a high ridge partly logged but with tall stands of timber remaining. As the three cast to trout in the long shadow of the mountains, a bellowing roar started from the ridge above them, within one of the deeper tree stands.



The roar was terrific, seeming to issue through a megaphone mouth from a pair of lungs that wouldn't go inside a Kodiak bear. A bow hunter with two record kills listed with Pope & Young, accustomed to killing elk and bear at distances of 25 yards and less, Hawkins recognized the sound for a threat. Unarmed except for their fishing rods, the Hawkinses reeled in, waded from the river, and returned to camp a couple of miles downstream. Wearing a revolver this time, Hawkins returned to the site the next day and explored the ridge on foot looking for sign, of which he found none. However, the incident caused him to recall his parents' claim several years before to have seen, from a distance, an eight-foot tall creature on two legs standing beside their house trailer while they were camped near the Conejos, and a cousin's story of being wakened at night by the violent rocking of his Winnebago and the stentorian breathing of some enormous creature audible through the aluminum skin.

Being trained scientists as well as experienced outdoorsmen, Dick McIlhenny and Keith Hawkins were aware that no explanation recognized by science or irrefutably demonstrated by empirical experience could account for what they had heard in the mountains of Colorado. Neither man was willing to say what the creature responsible for the sounds was; both, however, were ready to assert what it assuredly was *not*: bear, elk, moose, mountain lion, coyote, or any other animal known to inhabit the Southern Rockies.

Dick mulled his experience at Leadville for nearly four years before running across Keith's recently posted account of his own encounter on the Internet, which introduced the two men to one another. Not wishing to waste time and effort on a wild goose chase, both had done considerable reading and arrived, finally, at a willingness to suspend judgment. When you have eliminated the impossible, said Sherlock Holmes, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Only in this case, neither Keith nor Dick was quite so reckless in embracing improbability as Holmes frequently was prepared to be.

Several months after Dick McIlhenny, my elk-hunting partner in Wyoming years ago, invited me to join him and Keith Hawkins for a walkabout in the wilderness of southern Colorado, I mentioned the planned trip to Brad Willford when he called one evening from Kemmerer, without mentioning its object. "Oh," Brad said, "my great-great-grandfather homesteaded in that area in the 1870's and 80's. Hold on and I'll get the memoir he wrote in the 30's about it." He was away from the phone a couple of minutes and returned with the book in his hand. "Let's see," Brad said. ". . . Oh, this ought to interest you. . ." Old Willford had written that you had to be a brave man to go alone into the San Juan Mountains, where strange incidents occurred and the sense of being watched was recurrent. In one instance, a hunting camp that was supposedly bear-proofed was robbed, and game meat hung high in a tree out of a bear's reach stolen. In another Willford had his horse spooked from under him and his pack-mule panicked by a mysterious presence while riding out of the mountains after dark. In a third, Willford was hunting after an early fall snowstorm when he came on the tracks of a small party of Indians, identifiable as Navajos by the cross-hatches on the soles of their moccasins. The tracks led diagonally uphill for about a mile before plunging abruptly downward in a series of broad jumps separated by four or five feet. Willford followed them two or three miles farther and came upon the Indians setting up a shelter for the night. "Don't go up there!" one of them exclaimed, pointing in the direction from which they had come. "One terrible big thing—fifteen-foot bear!" Disturbed by these and other

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happenings, Willford eventually quit his homestead and moved away from the area of the San Juan River where it crosses from Colorado into New Mexico. The Indians in the vicinity have stories going back six or seven centuries about a mysterious being inhabiting the mountains, and the English translation for the name of one Native American village lying south of New Mexico's northern border is The Place Where the Giant Man Stepped.

Several websites exist to explore the phenomenon that was the object of McIlhenny's, Hawkins's, and my expedition last summer, one of them posting what purport to be eyewitness—and earwitness—accounts of encounters with the creature. While some of these stories are of dubious credibility, the large majority ring true, not least for the timid nature of the reporting which, so far from suggesting a desire to gain attention, points instead to the fear of self-exposure and ridicule. Ninety percent of these almost daily communications from around the United States describe experiences that occurred over roughly a 30-year period, from the early 1960's to the early 1990's; a few relate to happenings as distant as the 1940's, while accounts of incidents within recent weeks or months are posted every several days. Reports belonging to the first category are filed by informants who, after maintaining a prudent silence for years, feel emboldened to come forward when an hospitable but impersonal forum is made available to them. In 99.9 percent of *all* reports, past or present, witnesses are careful to provide first names only, while requesting that their identities be kept confidential to avoid damage to their reputations, even their livelihood. "I know what I saw," the typical statement goes, "but I am a respected professional living in a small town and I'm afraid my business would suffer if it were known I considered even the possibility of such a thing."

Almost more interesting, in fact, than the mystery itself is the response it provokes—a narrow gamut of emotion ranging from intrigued skepticism to half-angered embarrassment. The more open reaction has been a willingness to admit evidence of a North American bipedal monster provided by a former member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, while Theodore Roosevelt, in his book *Wilderness Hunter*, recounts a narrative told him by an old hunter whose trapping partner was killed in the mid-1800's by a mysterious creature in the mountain country of southern Idaho. Dr. John Napier, at one time director of the primate biology program at the Smithsonian and later the holder of an equivalent position at Birbeck College, University of London, after conceding that "The vision of such creatures stomping barefoot through the forests of north west America, unknown to science, is beyond common sense," adds, "Yet reason argues that this is the case." Don Abbott, once curator of archaeology at the provincial museum of British Columbia, has written that, while not a "believer," he is nevertheless "aware of certain phenomena which have not yet been adequately explained if these rather unlikely creatures do not, in fact, exist." And in the early 1970's two highly respectable papers on both sides of the Atlantic—the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Sunday Times*—printed lengthy articles, prominently displayed, examining the claims for their existence, and against it.

Still, far more common than the skeptical but interested response is the angry, indignant one, typified by Dr. Napier's then colleague at the Smithsonian, Dr. T.D. Stuart, who summarily dismissed reports of "unlikely creatures" as "bosh," and the small-town ridicule anticipated by anonymous contributors to the Internet website. Taken together, these reactions suggest how much the "sophisticated" scientific mind has in common with the Main Street one—how much, indeed, it shares with the peasant mentality, both of them given to rejecting "superstition" and embracing it, by turns. The difference between scientific and popular orthodoxy is less than it is commonly supposed to be, as the answer to both orthodoxies is at once simpler and more difficult than the liberal orthodoxy imagines. The obvious response by the small-town professional charged with credulity—or worse—is, of course, "I *am* an educated man and a professional, trained to observe empirically, deduce, draw conclusions, and—above all—to think for myself"; the retort by the simple man to the learned scientist should be, "I was *there*, I *know* what I saw and heard, and I don't give a damn *what* you think about it."

The inclination of the uneducated man to display gumption and independence of mind a good deal more often than the educated one does speaks volumes about modern mental habits and assumptions. Chesterton (in *Orthodoxy*) says of the ordinary man that "He has always cared more for truth than for consistency. If he saw two truths that seemed to contradict each other, he would take the two truths and the contradiction along with them." That, unfortunately, is not scientific thinking, nor is it middle-class thinking—the two being, essentially, one and the same type of ratiocination. A single-minded and (literally) deadly seriousness lies behind both of them: Ideological as well as practical in origination, it is wholly materialist in both senses of the word. Seriousness, Chesterton well knew, is *not* a virtue. "It would be a heresy, but a much more sensible heresy, to say that seriousness is a vice. It is really a natural trend or lapse into taking oneself gravely, because that it is the easiest thing to do." Seriousness puts not only ourselves at the center of our lives, but our experience at the center of all experience, our mode of perception and reasoning at the center of cosmic consciousness. Whereas (Chesterton again), "Life is not an illogicality; yet it is a trap for logicians. It looks just a little more mathematical and regular than it is; its exactitude is obvious, but its inexactitude is hidden; its wildness lies in wait."

Is it really possible to suspect that the ape-man or man-ape believed in by tens or scores of generations of Indians in the Pacific Northwest actually exists? It is not only possible, it is harmless, and even healthy. ("As long as you have mystery you have health; when you destroy mystery you create morbidity."—GKC) One sympathetic reader of this column told me my story "Something in Colorado" stopped just short of inviting ridicule. To which I replied that the facts were as I recorded them—nothing more, nothing less—and that I urged my audience only to draw their own conclusions. There is no reason for anyone to apologize for the facts (unless, of course, he is responsible for them). But there is no reason either for him to be embarrassed by mystery (unless he put it there, and I didn't). The world, indeed, has always seemed to me to be a fundamentally mysterious place, and if thinking so makes me one of those unashamed unserious persons instead of the ashamed and serious one I know I ought to want to try to be, then perhaps I really should be committed to the American equivalent of what was London's Hanwell, sooner than the little man in the white coat can say "Sasquatch." ©

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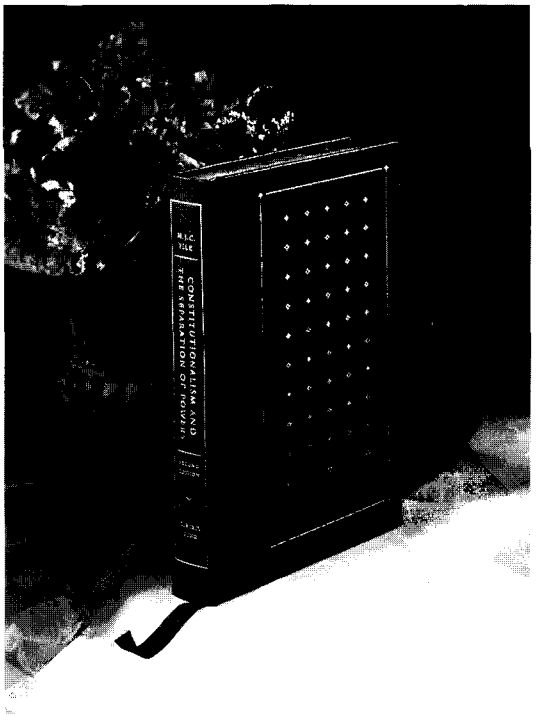

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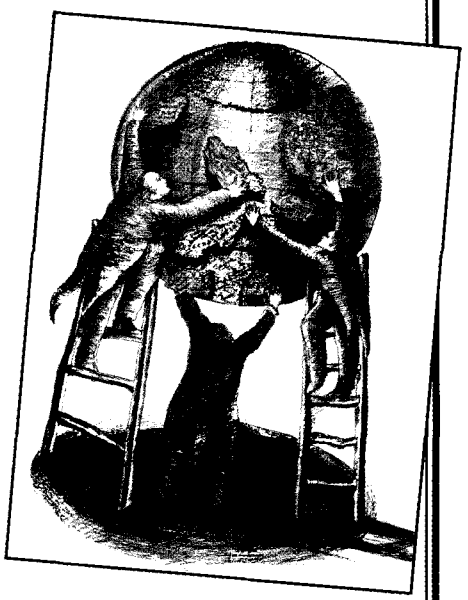

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